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Christian
or
Four-Score.



600052165P







The Christian of Fourscore:
A MEMORIAL
OF
MRS. DRIFFIELD.

BY MRS. DREWETT.

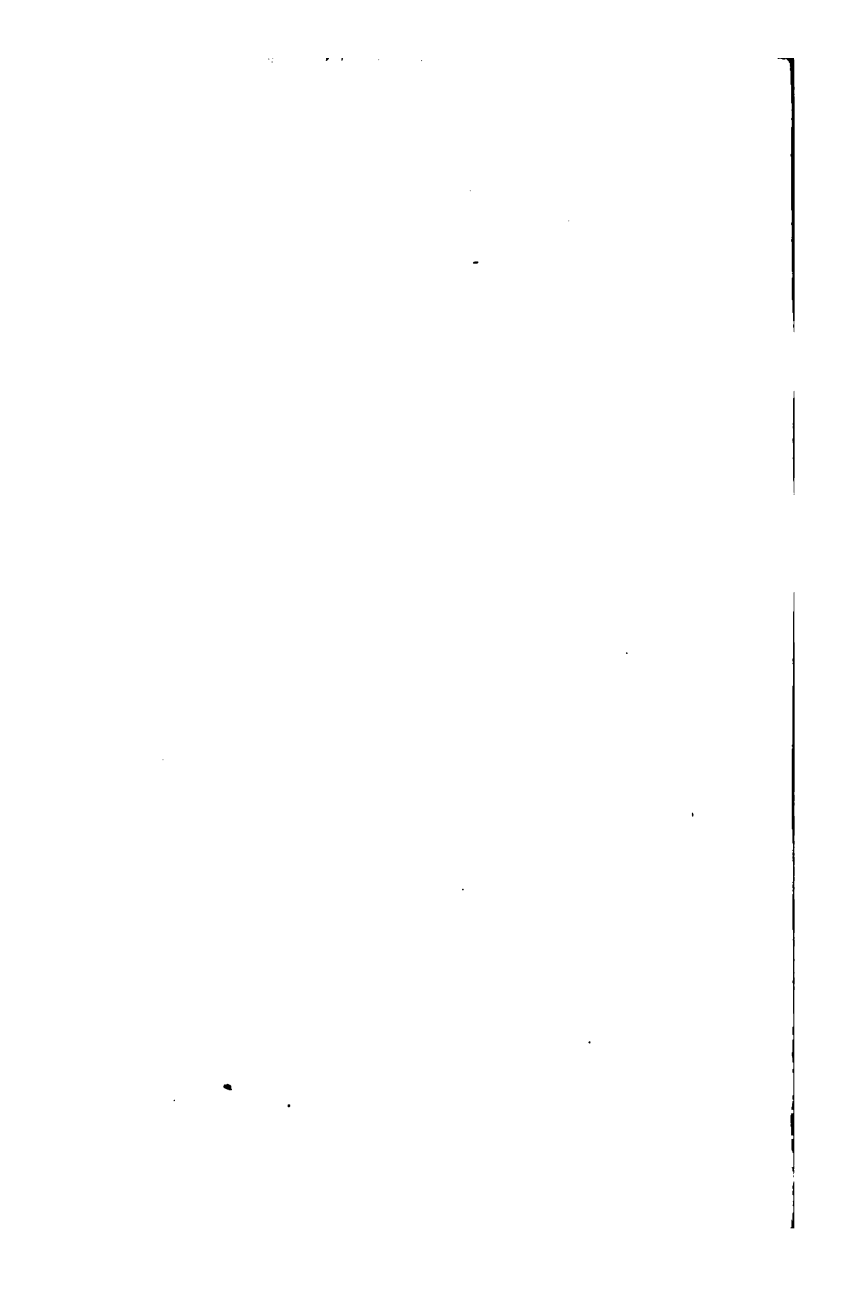
"Let me live and die a witness for heart-felt religion."



London:
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.
KIDSGROVE: THOMAS WARDLE.

1864.

210. g 168.



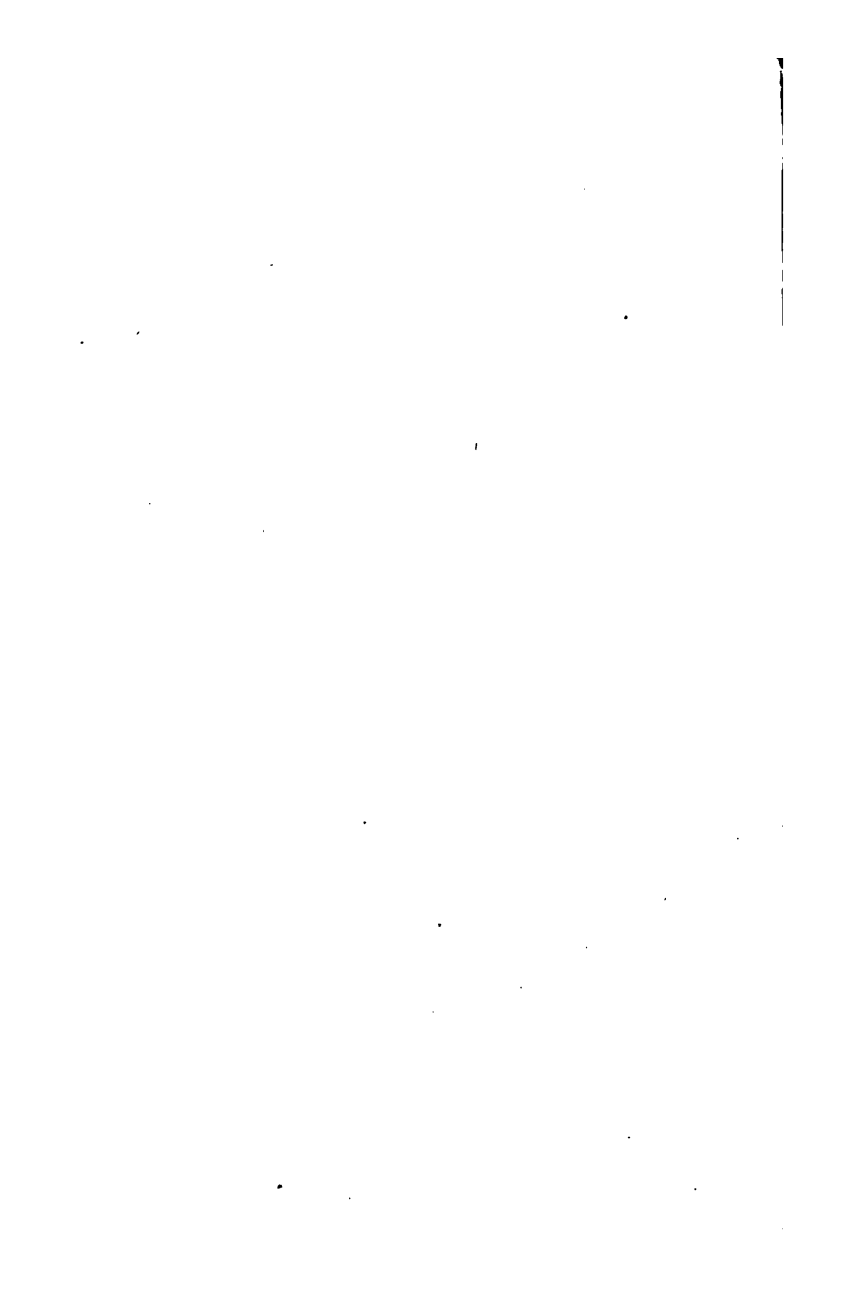
PREFACE.

To gather up "whatsoever is lovely and of good report," in the lives of departed christians, is a pleasing task; for "the memory of the just is blessed." It is possible that the immediate friends of the subject of this sketch may regret that these Memorials have not appeared earlier, but the *principles* which were developed in her life and death *remain the same*; and if by reading these pages any one should be stimulated to earnest living for God, the object for which she lived will be accomplished:—the glory of her Saviour, and the good of her fellow-creatures.

E. D.

KIDSGROVE,

July 4th, 1864.



THE
Christian of Fourscore,

IN LIFE AND IN DEATH.

CHAPTER I.

We gather up with pious care,
What happy saints have left behind,
Their witness in our memory bear,
Their sayings on our faithful mind.
Their works which trac'd them to the skies,
For patterns to ourselves we take,
And dearly love, and highly prize
The mantle for the wearer's sake.
C. WESLEY.

FOURSORE years passed over the head of Mrs. Driffield before she was called to the reward promised to the righteous. Many instructive lessons may be learned from the lengthened and varied experience of so protracted a life; which, while brightened by much of God's favour, was marked also by a large share of those cares, labours, and sorrows, to which all are more or less subject. By the faithful record which has been preserved of her earnest and consistent piety, she,

though dead, still speaks to those who are going down to the vale of years, without having secured, like her, a blessed immortality on the other side of death. From the same record, those who have but recently set out upon the christian path may be at once instructed and encouraged. If, like the subject of these pages, they early yield their hearts to the full influence of religion they will obtain from it, as she did, all the help which their age and circumstances may require. If they early give themselves to the church of Christ they will become examples to others, and their usefulness and influence will grow and advance with their character and years. Planted thus in the house of the Lord, they too will flourish in the courts of our God, and bring forth fruit in old age.

The distinguishing characteristic of Mrs. Driffield was her supreme regard for vital religion. Her habits and feelings were all determined with respect to this object, and from the time that she was awakened by the Holy Spirit's influence to see its power and value, it became with her a matter of daily duty, to endeavour to lead others to the heavenly source from whence her own spiritual happiness was derived. Religion in the heart was the secret spring of her actions, and guided her in those humble but useful walks of active benevolence in which she was constantly treading; and her deep love for God made her anxiously and unceasingly concerned for his glory. She had been led to the knowledge of Christ by his Word, by his Spirit, and by his holy example; and through walking in this light she did not fall into sin, or miss her way to heaven. And as we follow this Christian of Fourscore through passages in her diary, through incidents in her life, and witness at last her triumph over death, we shall be able distinctly and in-

structively to trace the influence of the powerful and sanctifying grace of Christ on a human character.

The subject of this memoir was the daughter of Thomas Crawford, Esq., of Easingwold in the North Riding of Yorkshire. She was born on the 16th of July, 1769. Her native town is hallowed, in the memory of many admirers of great and good men, from its association with the closing scene of the useful life of the noble and eloquent Dr. Robert Newton. Easingwold was the chosen place of his retirement after the toils of a long and honoured ministry. Here he awaited the call of his master to the reward of the righteous, and to the everlasting rest of heaven. In the picturesque churchyard of this rural town his body sleeps till the Archangel's trump shall wake the dead.

The parents of Miss Crawford were attached to the Church of England, and in her childhood and early youth she accompanied them to the parish church of Easingwold. She often spoke of the powerful manner in which the Holy Spirit wrought on her mind in those youthful days. She knew little of the Word of God, and ardently desired that some one would teach her its meaning. When about sixteen years of age, the conversation and prayers of a pious young friend, who had obtained religion among the Methodists, deeply impressed her: from that time she began seriously and earnestly to think about salvation.

The spiritual darkness which prevailed in the Established Church during the last century is well known; and those who were inclined to a godly and religious life had often to suffer bitter persecution from many of the clergy and people of this land. The followers of Wesley stood almost alone, in many

parts of the country, as the spiritual guides and instructors of the afflicted, the penitent, and the disconsolate; and were, in consequence, hailed as angels of light, and messengers of consolation by persons in her distressed and inquiring state of mind. While this spiritual darkness hung over the church of her parents, guided by a gracious providence, she found the light and peace which her heart and conscience alike required under the teaching of those godly and zealous men sent forth by the Rev. John Wesley, after his faithful declarations of the Divine Word had led to his exclusion from the pulpits of the Church of England. As soon as she had found the way of truth the decision of her soul was formed;—that the people among whom she had obtained religion should be her people. But though fixed in her views and choice of the section of the church of Christ to which she had united herself, the religion which actuated her conduct and regulated her heart was too deep in its character to be confined by the narrow limits of sectarianism. She rejoiced in the light and experimental godliness of those ministers of other churches who held the truth in righteousness, and faithfully proclaimed the life-giving Word. She lived to see important and vital changes in the teaching from the pulpits of the Establishment; and often, in later years, attended with profit and enjoyment the ministrations of its enlightened and converted clergy.

She does not appear to have kept any record of her experience until after her conversion to God. From frequent references, made subsequently, we learn that her mental conflicts were long and painful. During eight years she lived in a state of spiritual bondage; under conviction and condemnation for sin; sometimes it might be with more and deeper distress of feeling, sometimes with less, but she

never, from her first awakening, lost the fear of God, and a yearning desire for instruction. A strong sense of the evil of sin early impressed her mind, and any consciousness of wrong-doing greatly troubled her. The work of the Holy Spirit was far too genuine in her young heart to die out amid the spiritual dearth that prevailed around her; for little, indeed, of such godly instruction as she needed could then be found in the church to which she was led by her parents. Neither could that work be destroyed by the difficulties of her situation, for however much she might have desired to attend the ministrations of the Word of Life enjoyed by the Wesleyans, that privilege was not within her reach, excepting on rare occasions.

At length, however, her circumstances with respect to religious instruction became more favourable. Removed from the home of her youth, she was enabled to attend upon the teaching of the Methodist preachers when they visited Easingwold; and her desire strengthened to obtain that heart-felt religion which she now heard so lucidly and forcibly described by those laborious and godly men, and which she saw enjoyed so fully by the people in communion with them. The more she mingled with them in their religious services and in private intercourse, the more clearly she was led to see the reality and the necessity of the great change insisted upon so powerfully by the Saviour in his conversation with Nicodemus; nor was it long before her mind began to be held in great perplexity and uneasiness as to whether she ought not to join herself in church-membership with the religious society, from attending whose powerful services her soul had thus become further awakened, and her desires increased to obtain the light and the peace which flow from believing views of Christ and his great salvation. Had it

been a question of duty simply, little difficulty would have arisen to one in her state of mind; but many disagreeable consequences, and sacrifices were attendant on taking such a step in those days of religious persecution.

The following reflections, written by herself on the eighty-second anniversary of her birthday, possess an interest, as throwing light, not only upon the struggles of her own mind in her youth, but also upon the gross ignorance then existing on religious subjects.

“I have been thinking much to-day of what I have often thought about:—the powerful manner in which the Holy Spirit strove with me from my youthful days; how painfully I felt when I had done wrong; nothing was more distressing than to feel that I had grieved, or made any one angry with me. Well do I remember, how oft I sighed and wished I could do better. I frequently prayed that God would help me. I knew not the Word of God, except what I had heard at Church; and many times wondered what heaven and hell, and the day of judgment were; what was meant by Christmas and Easter, and many such things; and wished that some one would instruct me. But the Word of God was thought little about: all my friends were too much taken up with the world. O! what a privilege children have now, to what we had seventy years ago: books were not then to be had to enlighten the mind. Little indeed did I know of the holy Word of God!”

CHAPTER II.

Take courage then, my soul, nor steep
Thy days and nights in tears,
Thou soon shalt cease to mourn and weep,
Though dark are now thy fears.
He comes, he comes, the strong to save,
He comes nor tarries more,
His light is breaking o'er the wave,
The clouds and storms are o'er.

LYRA GERMANICA.

IN 1789, at the age of twenty, she was united in marriage to Mr. Wise, a gentleman of the medical profession, who appears to have been labouring under the same powerful religious impressions with herself, and to have felt the same convictions of duty as to uniting himself with that section of the church of Christ of which, subsequently, she became a member, and in which she lived, for many years, in holy and happy fellowship. A sudden and distressing illness of her husband, which soon terminated his life, quickened her desire to obtain the sensible consolation of religion, and hastened her decision with respect to her union with the people of God in connection with the Wesleyan society.

The occurrences to which these allusions have been made are thus graphically detailed by her own pen; and should any sorrowing mourner be led to the widow's God, for comfort in the hour of bereavement, by reading this beautiful and touching record, it will not have been preserved in vain. On the fourth anniversary of her husband's death she thus writes:—

“I cannot think of laying my body down to rest without leaving some testimony to the glory of God,—of his power to save and help in distress. I can say ‘hitherto the Lord hath helped me.’ It is four years, this day, since I was led to petition the Lord, after much prayer, and fasting all the day till three o’clock, and, as nearly as I can recollect, these words were a part:—Lord, if these people be thine, and we shall get good among them, clearly convince us of it, and find out some way to bring us among them. Oh, use some means for our soul’s peace; save us and all our friends, by any means, only save our souls. Thus did I earnestly petition the Lord. About seven o’clock, my dear partner—the tenderest of husbands, who from the day I was united to him had become more and more dear to me, went out from me. I thought I never saw him look so well, nor testify such true affection, from the day I knew him. I fondly thought, if we were but sensible of the favour of God, with him and my God, I could freely give up all things else. But here let me learn a never-failing lesson, never more to look for perfect happiness when a creature is concerned in it; but let me expect all my happiness from God; then it will never be cut off. His last words were, ‘Get ready for the preaching; I will return immediately.’ But that was not the will of God; for in about half an hour afterwards, word was brought me of his dangerous state: a blood-vessel had broken in his lungs. The first view of him struck me much. He was not suffered to speak for some time; by that I had more opportunity to lift up my afflicted though thankful mind to him that hears and answers prayer. At last he spoke; ‘My dear, I shall die; but if you fret, I shall choke immediately.’ I said, ‘what shall I do?’ He replied, ‘pray to God, he will support you.’ I was silent to all but God. His

soul now laid so near to me that all else was lost : I think I may say, I spent the whole night in praying. He was not suffered to speak to me that night, nor all the next day, when it could possibly be avoided. Sorrow and anguish filled my soul; but I uttered my complaint to God. Glory be to thy name, O Lord; thou hast wonderfully supported a poor helpless worm.

“On the 28th, early in the morning, he desired that we might be left alone. He then said : ‘I find that my complaint increases, and I cannot think of leaving you without having some conversation with you.’ I replied, with all the little strength I had, that I saw not any thing in the world that would be any support or satisfaction to me when he was gone, unless it was to join the Methodists. This appeared to please him much; he instantly replied, ‘true, my love; and should the Lord spare me, I will too; we have neglected our privilege; this we appear both to be convinced of.’ He then began to speak of the state of his mind. I soon found that, like myself, he had not any sure confidence of his acceptance with God. I sent for the minister: he prayed with him, and also for him at the church. His conviction strengthened, and he was brought into great distress of mind, such as is not easy for any inexperienced person to conceive of. When a brother-in-law entered his room how earnestly he begged of him, whatever he neglected, not to neglect to obtain peace with God! I proposed sending for a neighbour, a serious good man; this was done: he pressed him to look to Jesus, and to expect him now. Scarcely had he done speaking when the blood-vessel broke again. From ten o’clock at night to six the next morning every moment was expected to be his last. O my God, thou only knowest what thy poor creature suffered, but in thy mercy thou didst wonderfully

support me. My mouth was employed in pleading with the Lord,—only to let me see him depart in peace; that he would spare him till he was restored to his favour.

“The care of his body we both gave up to the doctor and to my father and mother; for he would never allow me to leave him, that I might pray for him and talk to him. The Lord was pleased to send some comfort to him in these words:—‘When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.’ With some degree of peace of mind, his complaint seemed to abate. O, let none defer this great work until the last: without heart-felt peace we may live, but without peace we cannot die. Let me live and die a witness for heart-felt religion.”

That prayer the Lord answered; and herein we find the cause of that maturity in religious experience which was so eminently conspicuous in the closing years of her life. The compiler of these pages, while examining her diary, could not but be sensible that “heart-felt religion” was the spring from whence came the many excellences which adorned the life, and lighted up the death of our sainted friend. Coldness and lukewarmness in religion she regarded as sin, that would affect her eternal safety; distance and alienation from God to her heaven-born spirit, were insupportable. These painful and touching incidents,—the mental conflicts, and affliction of her husband, so graphically related by herself, were the turning point in her life, and gave a colour to her future days. In the deep anguish of her bereaved heart she turned to God, and obtained that sensible comfort from religion which she had been for some time earnestly seeking. Being now deprived of her earthly source of enjoyment, the prop

on which she had been leaning for support and happiness, from henceforth she dedicated the powers of an active and energetic mind to the service of her God; "from this day," to use her own language, she said "I will be the Lord's." Never, through her long life, was the remembrance obliterated of the great love which God manifested to her in those days of sorrow, when she was hourly expecting the death of her husband; she often referred to it with comfort as she passed on through the varied scenes of life. In reviewing the goodness of God, fifty-five years after this occurrence, she thus alludes to that day of mingled mercy and trial when her deceased husband was enabled to lay hold of Jesus as his Saviour. "Many friends stood by him, expecting every moment to be his last, whilst I was kept calm, rejoicing that God had answered our prayer, and granted him his salvation; from that day, I said, 'I will be the Lord's.'" Nearly sixty years after, we find, in a letter addressed to one of her spiritual children, some further reminiscences of this period, which fill up a blank left in the diary, and which will satisfy the reader that she was fully assured of her husband's happiness in Christ before his departure. The casual mention of an old friend (Mr. Muncaster) awakened the remembrance of that closing scene in his life, to which she thus refers:—"Our first acquaintance was on the night when my husband was expected to breathe his last; he had not then a sense of acceptance with God; my soul was in deep distress about him, but when, at eight o'clock, he whispered to me 'I'm happy now,' I could have praised the Lord aloud. Comforting it has often been to my soul to recollect, how, when a few days after I was speaking of the shortness of the time we had lived together, he gently reproved me by saying, 'If it had not been for thee I should have lost my soul; is not that enough?'"

Mr. Wise appears to have been first seriously impressed through reading some parts of Mr. Hervey's works; but only after their marriage did they become regular attendants on the public means of grace among the Wesleyans. This great religious community, at the time of which we are writing, was much despised in Easingwold; so that, though they thought it to be their duty to join the people of God in connection with it, they hesitated to take such a step, knowing that it would draw upon them the displeasure of their friends. During the four years of their married life their experience resembled that of Mr. Wesley in the early period of his religious life; they were seeking salvation by works, and spending much time in prayer, reading the Word of God, and fasting; trusting to means, instead of relying simply on the atoning sacrifice of Christ. The steps she took immediately after his death were in strict accordance with her husband's dying wish; who had requested, and obtained a promise from her father, that he would not prevent her uniting herself with the Methodist society. During her widowhood she resided in her father's house, and he often declared that had it not been for that promise he would have excluded her from his family; so great, at this time, was his opposition to her course.

The mournful event we have related brought her to decision. She gave herself at once to the Lord and to his church by his will. The bondage of spirit, the sorrows of penitence, the struggles with doubts and difficulties, the fruitless labours to obtain peace by works of righteousness, were now all ended. Led by the Holy Ghost to prostrate her troubled, guilty soul at the foot of the Cross, without one plea save that

"Jesus hath lived, hath died for me,"

believing on Jesus, she found that the chain of spiritual bondage was broken. The guilt and condemnation under which she had groaned for eight years past were now removed. The gloom which had surrounded her now disappeared; and "being justified, she had peace with God," and could, with jubilant heart, sing with her poet,—

"Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, mine own."

Referring to this event many years afterwards, she says: "long had I mourned because I could not find the Lord, but I soon found him when I came amongst his people; he revealed himself to my soul as my all-sufficient Saviour." Nor was it possible that she could love the Lord while broken-hearted under a sense of sin; for "we love him, because he first loved us." The sinner can have no *clear* perception of God's love to him except through the communicated assurance that, for Christ's sake, all his sin is forgiven, all his guilt cancelled, and his person freely accepted into the favour of God. It is the work of the Holy Spirit, we are taught, to bear witness of these things to the soul, when enabled to trust in the atonement of Christ; and to show in a flood of light to the believer the love of God, which in no other way could be shown; thus overpowered with a consciousness of God's love to

him, he loves God, and rejoices in hope of his glory. She continued to walk closely with her Saviour, and endeavoured by every means in her power to do good to the bodies and souls of all around her. She seldom passed a week without watching night and day by some bed of affliction, and the great day of account alone will show the results of her pious and sympathetic labours. After a few years of patient endurance of trial, her prayers were answered in behalf of her family: notwithstanding all their opposition, the Lord rewarded her faith and perseverance in the paths of righteousness, and she had the happiness of knowing that her parents, and many of her relatives, were truly converted to God; some of them several years before their death.

CHAPTER III.

I cannot, dare not, now deny
The things my God hath freely given;
That happy favour'd soul am I,
Who finds in Christ a constant heaven:
He makes me all his sweetness know,
He makes my cup of joy o'erflow.

C. WESLEY.

IT is sometimes remarked by readers of Biography that too often the subject of a memoir is obscured by the reflections and sentiments of the writer. Where documentary material does not exist, or is only furnished to a limited extent, this may be almost unavoidable; but in the present instance, a reliable and correct insight into her inner, as well as outer life, may be obtained from a diary, kept with her habitual order, with some few intermissions, for fifty-four years, and from letters written to her friends.

After her conversion to God and union with his people in 1793, she began to keep a record of her experience; she resolved to do this, she tells us, by the help of God, after reading the Life of Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, by which she was greatly profited, "in order," as she observes, "that I may know how I get forward on my journey to heaven, *for, by the help of God, I am fully set to arrive there.*" This earnest determination in spiritual things, formed at the very commencement of her christian course, is the key-note to fifty-eight years spent in the service of God. Alluding to it in the last year of her life, she remarked, with deep and

touching earnestness; "fifty-eight years I have been a child of God, and am now happier than ever;" adding to her thankful acknowledgement of the grace by which she had been kept during so many years of her life's pilgrimage, the ascription of her praise; "Glory be unto God!"

Many valuable incidents, evincing the deep tone of her piety, must have been wholly lost, had it not been for the records that have been found in her diary; for, owing to the lengthened period of her life, it is more than probable that death has made many changes in that circle of christian companionship where her earliest religious associations were formed. The beautiful language of the sacred poet of her church expresses, without doubt, the position of all the members of the religious society with which she was connected, when she first found her happiness in communion with them:—

"Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now."

The compiler of these pages will offer no apology for seeking to present something like a portrait of this godly woman as much as possible in her own words. By this course it is hoped the edification and profit of the reader will be best secured; while to those christian friends who became acquainted with her when far advanced in years, and who were privileged to witness her matured piety and sanctified wisdom, it will doubtless be a cause of deep and hallowed interest to be led to the spring of her holy life, and to learn how in secret she walked in fellowship with God, and maintained her confidence and peace as she passed on through the many duties and trials of life.

In May, 1797, she writes,—"I feel a sweet peace in being more and more sensible that nothing, in any

measure, divides my heart from God; I feel determined, through divine strength, whether my days be many or few, to devote them to God. Here I afresh give myself away for Christ, to live or die. Lord keep me faithful; I know thou wilt never leave me if I do not first leave thee. O rather let me die than it should be so. An afflicted body weighs me down, but I must not omit to record the loving-kindness of the Lord to me. O the nearness of spirit I have enjoyed with my Saviour, particularly while praying with a sick friend; how truly did he fill our souls with his love. I never had so clear an insight into the value of humility as I have now. I have had a deeper view of those words in the ninety-second Hymn, (Wesley's), 'Pardon, holiness, and heaven.' How free, how sure for me, and for all who believe! I find it profitable, when any particular words strike my mind, whether scripture or hymns, to refer to them, and search them as for hidden treasure; believing that the Holy Spirit has a portion in them for me, which I should often lose were I only to take the first view presented by them. This I call living upon them. In this way I find I am often prepared,—sometimes for temptation; sometimes for doing, and sometimes for suffering the will of my adorable Lord. O may I learn all thy holy lessons of love in thine own way, with patience and perseverance to the end, so that I may not only get into heaven, but very near to the throne of my Lord."

In 1798, she writes,—“If I were to judge according to my feelings, I should think I had no religion at all; but my heart stands fast in the God of my salvation. I bless God for an undivided heart. I have spent a few days profitably at York: bless the Lord for his faithful servants! But my God was pleased to send me help in a different way to what

I expected. How sweet it is to feel a willingness to take the Lord's blessings in his own way—waiting and wrestling, yet resigned, for what we want. Being disappointed in some things I expected to have met with in York, I went to Raskelf to hear the Rev. Mr. Harrison, and He, who never sends empty away his waiting servants, met my every want in the sermon I heard. How profitable it is to find our ways have been taught by the Lord, when our judgment fails." "June 11th.—Yesterday was an unspeakably happy day: I renewed my membership with God's people; I truly felt what it was to renew my union with God also. I was again much blest while hearing Mr. Harrison. Lord, thou knowest how I long for the salvation of souls, and thy glory; these are better to me, far better, than thousands of gold and silver, and more sweet than my daily food: now I rely upon thee for strength of soul and body, and for my daily wants, only let me glorify thee in life or death; Amen." On the 15th, she goes on to write—"How delightful to get a little time to spend with the Lord early in the morning;" and this remark brings vividly to the memory of the compiler of these pages, the testimony that she once gave to the inestimable spiritual blessings that she had gained, not only from early seeking the Lord in the morning of life, but early in the morning of each day she lived. The deep importance that she attached to the habit of communion with God, before entering upon her daily engagements, is strikingly illustrated in the following answer, which she gave to the question of a christian friend. She was one day adverting, with deep thankfulness, to the tranquil enjoyments of her latter days, and to the opportunities she enjoyed for spiritual improvement; "And were you," she was asked, "as much alive to God, and to the claims of religion, when pressed with domestic cares,

duties, and difficulties?" "O yes," she replied, "when I could keep my heart right with prayer; I always endeavoured to secure time for secret prayer, and reading of the Word early in the morning, and then I was kept looking to God through the exercises of the day; but when I lost time in the morning I was shorn of my strength, I had not such power to repel the evil one." Here we discover the secret of her power with God: the morning sacrifice was not offered in vain.

Again, on the 16th, she writes:—"The Lord has laid his afflicting hand on Mr. Harrison, our preacher; I never remember to have had such power to pray for the ministers, and so much feeling for them as I had yesterday. O may I never lose this feeling; they surely have a right to our unfeigned love, and every help we can possibly administer to them; they give up all for the glory of Him, whose cause is, or ought to be, our chief delight. Many are their cares for us: how many prayers, tears, and sufferings they go through for our sakes! Lord, whatever others do, help me to love thy servants, and to embrace all opportunities of comforting them by every means I possibly can, especially when they are in sickness."

Most of the ministering servants of Christ, whom she loved for their work's sake, and helped with her prayers and sympathy, are now with her in his presence and glory, but there are many who are still labouring in the church militant, who can bear their testimony, that she never lost that tender sympathy and feeling which is here expressed for her teachers in Christ. And when she was taken from the activities of life, and from the fellowship of the saints on earth, many of them deeply felt that they had lost one whose ear was ever open to hear the tale of sorrow, and whose liberal hand was guided

by a heart enlarged with the love of Christ; and, still more, that one who remembered them and their work before the throne of grace, and who pleaded their cause there, could no more bear them on her heart before God. She knew that prayer alone could remove the burdens from her own heart; she therefore, at all times, felt it to be her duty to pray for those on whom such heavy responsibilities are laid; "Burdens and responsibilities," she used to say, "far greater than those of any private christian."

The diary testifies of renewed dedication to God, and fresh acknowledgments for help vouchsafed in difficulty. "January 1st, 1799.—I bless my God for the power I have this day felt in giving myself afresh to God, to be his—wholly his; and I desire that all my ways may be pleasing to him. I was enabled with calm boldness to go about some very important business; I am sure that it was the grace of God that helped me. Oh that I may more fully trust him to be with me in trying times. Give me strength for my day: Thou wilt help me to confide in Thee."

"2nd.—To-day, my Lord has been with me; this morning I felt some sharp accusations from the enemy of my soul: I was sorely tempted to think hardly of some who are nearest to me on earth, but the Lord kindly relieved me, and the remainder of the day I have been raised above the world. I now have a free spirit; I know and feel that Jesus reigns within me more fully: I want wisdom to know how to behave to those who, according to appearance, have wronged me. I feel that I love them no less, but, I think, more. O that I may so walk before them as may be right in the sight of God."

"4th.—I bless God for sweet, calm peace to-night, independent of the creature, and for a fresh testimony that I am the Lord's. I have been told plainly of

my want of judgment in some particulars: I bless God that I love to be told when I do wrong; may I be enabled to act with more judgment in future. Many thanks to her that was so kind as to tell me of my faults."

"23rd.—How shall I praise Thee, O my Lord, for thy goodness this day?—My soul has been filled with consolation; not a wave of trouble has been suffered to cross my mind, but joy, sweet peace, all the day, and power from God also. I have, outwardly, had things not pleasant, but they were not suffered even to pain my mind. How sensible I am that in God is my rest; it does not depend on the creature: no other good I need to make me happy. Vain world, Adieu! Jesus Christ has set me free, and is able to keep me so!"

"February 2nd.—I am still among the living to praise my God. I have cause to say, 'Goodness and mercy follow me all my days.' O that I may not loiter or sit at ease, but make much of this time. I had a profitable season while meeting with a few old people who have a desire to save their souls. The snow was deep on the path, and the night was very stormy, but the Lord went with me; I suffered no harm and scarcely felt the storm. I bless God for an increase of bodily strength, so that I can now do and bear what would once have cost my life. And shall not my increase of strength be spent in his service? Through grace it shall: take the use of all I am and have, but give thyself to me, O Lord!"

"6th.—I bless my God for continual rest. I have been humbled to-day while fasting and in prayer before the Lord, and to-night I have brighter views of my Saviour, who is my true pattern. I have given myself afresh to him, to be disposed of, as he pleases, in his service. The feet of my soul shall follow thee; the arms of my soul embrace thee; the

eye of my soul look upon thee, till I am more like thee—changed from glory to glory. Help me to watch and pray, and believe, until I see Thy face in heaven.”

“9th.—Yesterday was a day of fasting and prayer for myself, and those with whom I meet in band.* I see two of them are in danger of being drawn from God by worldly connections; another is sick: O help me to be more useful to them; I fear I have not been honest and faithful enough with them. My mind is so sweetly happy on a fast-day that I think if I were more diligent in the use of that duty I should be more abundantly profited.”

“15th.—My happy soul has been so engaged with God this week that I have scarcely felt a desire to attend to anything, but to walk and talk with God: I think this arises from an increase of faith. O that I may be helped to watch; that I may not give way to anything that would weaken my faith. I see more clearly the truth of a remark made in a sermon I was privileged with hearing the Rev. W. Bramwell preach at Nottingham; he said, that ‘Faith cannot be held but in a good conscience, and a very little thing will abate its strength.’”

“20th.—I will yet bless thee, O my God, for thy help in trying times. To-day, in fasting and prayer for myself and the church, my soul has enjoyed some sweet communion with God, and deep peace.”

“March 2nd.—Bless the Lord for a mind happy and staid upon Thee, calmly recollected and composed. May to-morrow’s Sabbath be a day of rest to my soul. How the creature dies before His presence! How precious my Lord has been to me

* “Our Band-meetings are small companies of serious persons, of the same sex, and in the same condition of life, whether married or single, who meet occasionally to converse with each other on their religious state, and to engage in mutual prayer.”—WATSON.

day by day : never let me leave thee, O my God ! My christian friends and my parents are all dear to me, very dear, but they are not my God. I feel thou hast granted my desire ; I never loved my parents as I do now : help me to yield a willing obedience."

"5th.—I am now shut up in a sick-room ; few have been less confined through affliction than I have been, but through the affliction of others few have had more disturbed hours, or rather, may I not say, happier hours. Few have received the benefit that I have done through others being afflicted ; many a silent night my God has visited me while watching by a bed of suffering. Even from a child I have been called to this work ; for some of the first circumstances of my life, that I have any recollection of, were connected with this employment. Keep me thine, O Lord, and all is well. Thou canst not do wrong : employ me as thou seest best ; only let me do all for thine honour."

"9th.—Another week of my life is gone, and thank God I am yet his. O that I may be able to watch and pray, and feel the least approach of evil. I have had very little time in private, and for want of this my soul would soon become weak. Nothing will supply the place of private communion with God : instead of two or more hours in a day, through the affliction of others, I have lately not been able to get more than two or three quarters of an hour, but I hope the Lord is about to give me back my time again. I ought to praise him, and to feel thankful that he has kept me in so much peace and patience."

"30th.—My way of late has been mixed with bitter and sweet, and for these few days, I think, tears have been all that I have had to bring to the Lord in private. I still mourn for those who once ran well. I was much blest under the Word yester-

day. The preacher said, 'The Lord did not despise, but marked all the prayers, and tears, and cries of his people for other souls; and he believed the sorrow which a minister, or a class-leader, felt for those who wandered from God was above other sorrow.' This remark comforted me, for I have been, at times, much cast down on account of others."

"April 2nd.—My soul has been blest in visiting the sick; I return with delight to this work now that my way is again opened."

"7th.—I will record Thy goodness in helping me through the duties of another sacred Sabbath, thou hast both blessed and strengthened my soul; and now, though in body almost worn out for want of proper rest, yet my soul rejoices in hope of rising to meet thy people for worship, at five o'clock in the morning; this is a proof that though the flesh is weak the spirit is willing, and feels the service of God to be its delight. Hast thou not said, 'Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart?' What do I desire equal to the salvation of other souls and mine own?"

"13th.—'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits' bestowed on thee day by day! What scenes of sorrow, what wants, both of body and soul, have I seen this day in visiting the poor and the aged! O make me more thankful for what I daily enjoy, but above all, that my soul is alive and happy in God; never let me lose thee; never let me leave thee. O leave me not when my strength faileth. Thou hast said, 'I never will.' I can trust thy word. Help me to hold fast that deep sense of thy presence I now have. O it is sweet and safe to sit attentive to thy voice: make my soul sensible of every thing that draws my attention from thee; and give me power to leave all for thee; so shall I indeed be thy disciple. I will speak good of the name

of the Lord. The Spirit has given me fresh light. Strengthen my memory to retain the precious truths I heard yesterday. O that I may never lose my evidence that I am a child of God, but love and serve him all my days. I will still confide in thee, O my God; and in the strength of thy greatness travel on. In body I am afflicted, and in mind tried; but thou art my physician and my strength; yea, thou art my all. Do thy will with me, O my Lord. It is thy will I should arrive at home in everlasting glory. If these things are needful for me that I suffer, let them come. Welcome pain! Welcome suffering! My Lord would not send them but for my good. What if I have no friend to bear a part, my Saviour 'trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with him.' Dost thou give thy child something to suffer for thee, and shall I faint?—No, I will again trust thee to be with me, though it should be unto death!"

"25.—In thee, O Lord, is my hope: my soul, trust thou still in the Lord. I would praise thee; but where can I begin? I wonder and adore! Help me to improve my time and my talents to thy service. I give myself into thy hands, O help me while I live to live in thy favour; use me for thy glory: O let not this precious time of mine pass unimproved."

"June 9th, 1799.—I have been, of late, too negligent in writing the state of my mind; I have suffered spiritual loss in consequence. Writing my experience leads my mind to think, to judge of its true state, and to get a clearer sense of the goodness of God; no wonder then that Satan should try to prevent me in this exercise: this day I would begin again, Lord help me to be more faithful."

"13th.—We have had a fresh display of thy goodness, O God, among the people. O help us to keep the spirit of love in our hearts. I thank thee, my

God, that thou hearest prayer. Thou only knowest how heavy my soul has of late been respecting thy work here; I trust thou art about to revive it again."

"14th.—Lord calm my spirit; shine upon my mind; I have listened for a few moments to the voice of pride, though I was not aware of it at first. I bless God for instant reproof by his Holy Spirit. Give me wisdom to know when to speak and when to be silent. Let me know thy voice; give me a quick discerning eye, a tender conscience. Prepare me for the Sabbath: grant it may be a day of much spiritual good."

"21st.—Mine eyes overflow, and tears are all I can offer to God as an evening sacrifice. How can I rejoice when I see the cause of my God in such a state of fainting? We are not more than two or three who, night and day, early and late, cry for help against the decreasing of thy people. Save, O Lord, our fainting brethren from the snare laid for their destruction."

"24th.—I have spent much of this day in company with christian friends. I feel it very difficult to keep up the spirit of communion with God when in company of any sort; but I think this day, that the Lord prepared me by about an hour of as keen and sharp pain of mind, from what I believe to have been the powerful workings of Satan, as I ever felt; he set before me what may, or never may, come to pass. The only effect it had was to make me cry to God for help; and the Lord did help me, and delivered my soul from what I felt. I was tempted to desire to have my own way, but when the tempter was gone the sorrow was gone, and my soul was more than a conqueror. How needful is the advice, 'Be not ignorant of Satan's devices.' The Lord teaches me by his Spirit, not to cast away my confidence in the hour of temptation as I have too often done in times past."

"July 4th.—O my Lord, thou seest how little I can bear of what is pleasing. I feel the necessity of trials and temptations; were it not for these, peace and prosperity would be a snare to me. Draw my mind to thee, lest it get unduly pleased with any thing here below."

"16th.—Still dwells my soul in peace; the sweet delight I feel this morning is more than I can express."

Her peace was built on a sure foundation, she "knew on whom she believed;" here she found her happy shelter from trials and temptations, and "her perpetual dwelling-place." "Thirty years," she adds, after giving this happy testimony to her abiding peace, "I have lived, this day; twenty years unmarried, four a wife, and six a widow. Here let me wonder at, and adore the goodness of God in supporting and helping me through, by spending each day more devoted to God, and by living each day as though on that day I might be called away to a better place. The days and years have glided imperceptibly away, while I have been labouring for God, looking for the reward that is beyond the skies; and still I see no other way to live in happiness and peace. What mercies I have proved! What wonders I have seen! If I do not trust in God, heaven and earth will cry out against me. And now help me to devote my time more to thy glory than I have done; help me to begin to-day. All I have is thine, not mine; direct me in all things. I cast myself into thy hands, Lord, for wisdom, power, and might; for all I want. In giving all, I expect to receive all that will do me good."

Very encouraging are the testimonies here recorded to the sustaining power of inward religion, and to its holy and happy influence upon the heart in presenting to an immortal spirit, renewed by the grace of Christ, an object for which to live. A failure

to realize that religion should do nothing less than this for those who profess it, is the sufficient cause why so many do not excel in it. They are objectless, having no defined religious rules and aims. Godly principles, drawn from the inspired Word, governed the life of this estimable woman. Her practice of rising to worship God with his people at five o'clock in the morning was never abandoned at the mere dictate of the bodily feelings, though she was often wearied by nightly labours and watchings by the bed of affliction. Neither the repulsiveness of the sick-chamber, nor the stormy blast was ever suffered to detain her from the duty of visiting the afflicted, or going to an assembly of poor women in distress of soul for salvation, that she might counsel and comfort them, and aid them at a throne of grace by her fervent prayers. For some time her parents were opposed to her religious views, and to the life she led. They were unable to understand the feeling which moved her in the path of unworldliness and self-denial, and, like many parents at that time, felt themselves prompted to express their disapprobation of the course chosen by a daughter young and engaging. Under all the trials arising from this source, however, adherence to holy principles directed her conduct aright; for she knew that he who says, "Be ye holy for I am holy," has also said, "Honour thy father and thy mother," and "Obey thy parents in the Lord." Love and obedience to parents are closely intertwined with love and obedience to God; and such love is not a mere instinct, nor left open to the working of caprice, but a sanctified passion, stimulated and sustained by reflection and a sense of obligation. Another feature of this christian woman's life was love to Christ's ministers; she did indeed "esteem them very highly in love, for their work's sake." She listened to them as to the am-

bassadors and messengers of Christ, through whom God would condescend to feed and comfort her spirit : thus differing from many professors of religion, whose habit it is to esteem God's ministers, not for their work's sake, but rather, in so far as they suit the taste and please the fancy ; an error that must lead to apparent feebleness and want of success in the vital Word, so potent for the world's enlightenment and the church's comfort.

CHAPTER IV.

Still hold my soul in second life,
And suffer not my feet to slide;
Support me in the glorious strife,
And comfort me on every side.

O give me faith, and faith's increase,
Finish the work begun in me;
Preserve my soul in perfect peace,
That stays, and waits, and hangs on thee.

O let thy gracious spirit guide,
And bring me to the promis'd land;
Where righteousness and peace reside.
And all submit to love's command.

A FEMALE writer,* whose useful and interesting publications are well known, has very appropriately remarked on the subject of Biography, that "it is often a cause of regret, that while it abounds of those who by their position in life were exempted in a great measure from its daily pressing cares and anxieties; so few examples have been supplied of christian experience amid the common perplexities, discouragements, and trials of busy domestic life. 'The memory of the just is blessed,' whatever station he occupied, or whatever the duties he was called to perform. Christianity irradiates with steady lustre the pathway of the learned, the gifted, and the noble; but no less does it light up the heart of the christian female while pursuing the varied duties of her station in this world."

* Adeline.

We have now to follow the subject of these pages into a new position, where a further application of the principles of the religion to which she had yielded her heart showed how its power may be maintained and exercised amid daily duties and ordinary cares, too often permitted to become engrossing, and thus destructive of the life of God in the soul. In June, 1801, Mrs. Wise was united in marriage to her second husband, Mr. Driffield, and went with him to reside at Hull. After her marriage she had much personal affliction for many years, and was frequently brought near to the grave; but her faith was strong, and her anchor cast securely within the veil. It is of the Wife and the Mother we have now to write, occupied with many cares, and often depressed by failing health and multiplied anxieties. Still her lively interest in the cause of Christ never declined, and her love to the means of grace remained unvaried. Her desire to preserve a punctual attendance at the sanctuary was ever to her an incentive to industry and active exertion in her temporal engagements; and the time spent in the service of God, she used to say, was never an hindrance in the prosecution of her earthly duties, for thereby her lamp was afresh trimmed, peace and tranquility were shed over her spirit through the heavenly influences there realized, and with new strength she returned to her engagements.

For those who are struggling with the duties and temptations of their lot these memorials of one who walked with God through a long and busy life are particularly written, with the earnest hope that they may be made useful in inciting such to bring their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, to the footstool of mercy, remembering, at all times, that the promise is sure, "My grace is sufficient for thee." The same rich consolations and plentiful supplies of

grace enjoyed by Mrs. Driffield are alike free for all who seek with the same child-like simplicity, and unwavering confidence; and who, amid the sorrows and perplexities of life, keep the fire of divine love burning within.

Again the diary gives us a view of her onward path.

"August 1st, 1801—Never did I need Thy help more than now; thou never wilt forsake a helpless worm that trusts in thee, begging to be kept by grace divine: myself I cannot keep, myself I cannot save. O let me find that strength in thee that I so much need. My soul revives with fresh hope that I shall be helped to conquer to the end."

"4th.—Another Sabbath is gone, and I am still here in this vale of tears. I had a happy season while meeting the class this morning. How precious was Jesus to my soul; it was blessed and made happy with the direct witness of the Spirit while I was speaking to the people, and the same silent, softening power rested upon it while at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. I had such a view of my soul's purity, through the blood of Christ; and such a view of him, as my Great High Priest, interceding for me, as I never had before."

In the last entry reference is made to an important office connected with her church, which she was early called to occupy. The Wesleyan class-meeting is a valuable and an essential institution of Methodism. Its title, unfortunately, fails to convey to the mind of a stranger any idea of its real character and intention; and this fact has sometimes laid it open to misconception, and unfounded prejudice. Christian communion, or the "Communion of Saints," is a means of grace of divine appointment, was diligently used in the early christian church, and is well calculated to promote a happy, pure, and vigorous Christianity,

by quickening, edifying, and comforting the soul of the christian. Wesleyan class-meetings are founded on this principle, and are a near approach to the primitive practice. To promote scriptural godliness is their only object. Faithfulness, simplicity, and purity, form the great secret of their usefulness and success. A healthy and fervid piety is fostered by the weekly meeting for mutual prayer, and interchange of religious experience relating to the trials and temptations incident to the christian life, to the supports, deliverances, and enjoyments flowing from the power and love of Christ. The value of a class-meeting much depends upon the intelligent piety and earnestness of the leader; but each member contributes to its efficacy and profitableness by a conscientious regularity of attendance, and a godly earnestness and consistent piety.

Mrs. Driffield was eminently fitted for this office, both by intelligence and devotedness; here she found ample scope for those religious activities which an enlightened christianity taught her to practise, and for the exercise of those ready sympathies which the love of Christ planted in her heart, and in this path of usefulness she was greatly blest to herself and others. Soon after her arrival in Hull, she was urged by the Rev. G. Marsden to commence a class for christian communion in her own house. At first she hesitated, but when he said he "should send her one or two members to commence with, and she might refuse if she dared," she considered this a command from her Lord, and in his name and strength endeavoured to obey. She soon gathered a large class, which she kept up during her residence in Hull, seldom having fewer than twenty-five or thirty members. The powerful bond of christian sympathy which united her to those with whom she was thus associated in religious communion, is often

expressed in her private diary, and in letters to her friends, and was never more conspicuous than when she was on the verge of eternity, just about to exchange the communion and fellowship of saints on earth for the higher fellowship of heaven. Further to show her great earnestness in the discharge of her important duties as a class-leader, it may not be without interest and instruction to record some of her messages to those over whom she was appointed to watch in the Lord. She writes on one occasion of absence:—"I have felt much, very much, about the class. Tell them, I trust they will keep close to the Lord and to one another. Tell them, my soul's prayer to God is daily for them: if they love me they must give me this testimony, not to neglect the class." And again, on another occasion of absence, she writes,—“Tell them at the class, I bear them upon my mind, and I hope in a little time to join them in the praises of him who has called us to holiness. Tell them, to strive for all the mind that was in Christ, our living head. Put them in remembrance that all things are promised to believing prayer. I hope you are helped to reprove those that trifle, to comfort those that mourn, and to say to those that are weak and fearful, be of good cheer.” In another interval of absence,—“Fulfil this my ardent desire; let me meet you all nearer to God than when I left you. To most of you I would say, ‘Desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.’ Come, behold the Lamb of God, slain for you and now pleading our cause above, and he will change you into his own glorious image. God is my witness how continually I bear you all up before him in faith and prayer. Get the Lord to bless you the first thing in the morning, then you will be much better able to watch and pray through the day. Be in earnest; it requires all your power, and all the determination of the soul, to serve God aright.”

We now find the servant of the Lord herself drawing from the wells of salvation, and obtaining spiritual refreshment from the waters of life.

"September 2nd, 1802.—My soul has been refreshed this night at the public band-meeting. I have been much tried of late with a spirit of reasoning, but trust I have been kept from falling into it to the hurt of my soul; yet I think it is my privilege to be more blest, and, by a lively faith, to be more freed from it: for this end I want a greater deadness to earthly things. Lord, never let the world break in between thee and my soul; take me to thine arms of mercy this night, and keep me dead to all that would deaden me to thee, my Lord."

"5th.—O Lord, though not worthy to lift my eyes to heaven, yet, through the blood of the Lamb, my poor soul casts itself into thine arms of love and mercy, and finds a place of rest and safety. I bless thee for the sweetness of the water of life which thou givest thy people to drink of; it doth quench my thirst: evermore give me of that water, O Lord, that I may never thirst for earthly things, but find in thee my all in all. Art thou not my all in all? Witness for thyself: be my all for evermore. Amen."

The entries in the diary become, at this time, less frequent, but each succeeding one speaks of the aspirations of her soul after holiness, and full conformity to the will of God.

"September 4th, 1804.—I feel humbled to-night under a sense of past mercies; I have been much favoured of late in getting to the public means, and I have heard many precious sermons, which I have felt to be spirit and life to my soul: also I have had much time for reading and secret prayer: these have often been times of much consolation. But how have I felt in this blessed time of freedom from the world? I think I may say the more I have prayed,

the more I have read and thought, the more I have felt that I was a poor, needy, helpless, unprofitable servant, and I have been led to cry out, I nothing have, I nothing am, my only hope is in Christ. And it is well for me I have this refuge, for I must have been lost had not Jesu's blood been shed for me, had not his blood atoned for all, and did it not now sprinkle the throne of grace, and make it accessible to the very worst. I have seen so much of myself lately that I feel I much want some light, some help from above, that I may know exactly the state I am in. O Lord, send me help by thy Word, or by thy Spirit, or by thy servants, as thou seest best for my good."

She was frequently prevented at this period from attending the public means of grace, owing to the delicate state of her health, but, while suffering herself from these spiritual privations, she appears to have thought much of the poor people who lived near to her, and for souls living in sin. During a long confinement to her room after a fit of illness, in which she says, "the Lord wonderfully blessed, and helped my soul to rejoice in him;" she speaks of her efforts in seeking after the souls of her poor neighbours, visiting those in her immediate vicinity from house to house, reading to them, praying with them, and inducing them to attend the public services of the house of God. Her endeavours to promote their spiritual welfare were attended with many difficulties, and met with so great opposition that they appeared likely to be wholly frustrated; but difficulties and opposition seem only to have opened her mind to a deeper and keener sense of the duty of using personal effort for the salvation of her fellow creatures. From this time to the close of her life, there is no feature more prominent in her religious character than intense concern for the salvation of all within the range

of her influence. Her labours and prayers were ultimately much blessed to the conversion of many in her neighbourhood. "When first we came here," she observes, "they despised and ridiculed us much, but in their afflictions and death they were glad to send for us." In the deaths of some whom she had sought out and visited, she obtained the clearest evidences of their salvation. In one case especially, she met with great encouragement from a poor woman in deep affliction, who had received her with much opposition and severity, but whom she continued to visit, notwithstanding the remonstrance of her friends, and many misgivings in her own mind: she received at length, when all hope seemed past, a clear testimony of her conversion and confidence in Christ. "I was much encouraged by this incident," Mrs. Driffield remarks, "not to give up praying and striving for souls; for while there is life there is room for hope. I was much struck with the thought, that though I might have continued in prayer for her soul, yet, if I had not visited her to the last, if I had yielded to the suggestion of giving her up, I should have lost the comfort of witnessing her happy death."

Still mourning over the darkness, ignorance, and sin of her poor neighbours, she proposed to some of them to come to her house on Sunday evening, at eight o'clock, that she might read to them and pray with them, as but few attended a place of worship.

Although there is now a much better provision to meet cases of affliction, and to afford religious instruction in large towns than existed fifty years ago, it is evident from the example of her self-denying labours how much good may still be done by one female, with a heart filled with love to God, and to all mankind. A pious neighbour may often obtain access to the afflicted and distressed, when a

stranger would not willingly be admitted. Little can be known of what she accomplished in this way until the last day, when the Judge will proclaim:—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Here indeed was a true sister of mercy, regardless of her own ease, at any hour, or any where, administering to the sick and the poor, and comforting the broken-hearted mourner, ever ready to be the instructress of the ignorant, and the pleading friend of the smitten penitent at a Saviour's feet. The untiring benevolence and sympathy of her full heart found their incentive in the life and love of her Great Redeemer; and taught by his example, and moved by his Spirit, she waited not, like too many, for distress to lie imploring at her feet, but "she went about doing good." It is not impossible that some orders of sisterhood organize themselves for deeds of mercy with a view to obtain the mercy of God. She belonged to another order,—to a sisterhood whose offices of love and tenderness are performed through the influence of the Holy Spirit dwelling in the heart, without a shadow of a dependance on these works to win the favour of God.

CHAPTER V.

"My God and Lord, thy counsel show,
What would'st thou have thy servant do,
Before I hence depart?
How shall I serve thy Church, and where?
The thing, the time, the means declare,
And teach my list'ning heart.

Free for whate'er thy love ordains,
I offer up my life's remains,
To be for thee employ'd;
My little strength can little do,
Yet would I, in thy service true,
Devote it all to God."

N the 1st January, 1807, she writes:—"I have this day, in a public and solemn manner, entered into a fresh covenant with the Lord, to be his, and only his."

"2nd.—A day of close self-examination and yielding up all to God: my mind has been much pained, but kept in peace, with a conscience void of offence."

"4th.—Kept in patience though closely tried; quiet in God; all glory to him. I was much blest under the preaching of the Word, light shone upon my mind whilst the Rev. W. Bramwell was speaking of the hindrances to prayer in the time of suffering or trial, he remarked, some were allowing their minds to get dissatisfied with persons, or stations, or things, which were the supposed causes of their sufferings, or trials; they were expecting a change in the causes, instead of looking to God: thus we get our minds prejudiced against others, instead of getting good for ourselves:

we ought to pray for resignation in our sufferings, 'not my will but thine be done.' We ought to fear our own will more than any thing in the world: we should follow our Lord; 'being in an agony, he prayed.'"

5th.—I enjoy a clear sense of my sanctification to God, though I am very sensible of my many infirmities and shortcomings, yet I am clean through the blood of Christ."

"6th.—Our band-meeting was favoured with much divine power. One of my class found peace with God through believing in Christ. I feel ashamed that I have made so little improvement this week. My mind has been too much engaged in outward things, and I have not enough entertained spiritual thoughts."

"12th.—I praise thee, O my God, for health and strength to rise and get to hear thy Word this morning. O that the Word may be deeply written on my heart, that I may be conformed to thee, and not to the world, that I may 'prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.'"

"14th.—Blest in my class while pleading with God for sinners in distress. My cry is to God. I have been called to the painful duty of giving reproof. I was blest in the Charity Hall this evening; it is good to be with the poor."

"Sunday, 19th.—Much tempted at night, and not able to rise early, which always pains me, particularly if it is on the Lord's-day. The Lord blest me at the Church. I had the most precious season at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper I ever remember to have had since I came to Hull."

The arrangement of public services amongst the early Methodists gave them the opportunity to attend the morning worship at the church. The Rev. Thomas Dykes, Incumbent of St. John's, Hull, was

one in whose ministry she greatly rejoiced, and she often received at his hands the memorials of her Saviour's dying love. The Biographer of this gentleman relates that "he was brought under deep conviction for sin on a bed of sickness, felt himself under sentence of divine condemnation, and was instructed to look by faith alone to Christ for salvation : he came from his sick-chamber cheered by the light of grace, and quickened by the power of the Holy Spirit to devote himself unreservedly to the service of the Saviour. In 1784, he sought the advice of the Rev. Joseph Milner, one of a small band of faithful and earnest ministers in the national church, who, in the face of opposition, proclaimed the doctrine of justification by faith in the atonement of Christ, at a time when it might be said, 'the word of the Lord was precious in those days, there was no open vision.'" It was under the ministry of the Rev. Thomas Dykes that the well-known and deservedly respected William Dawson received his first religious impressions, and not a few out of the "multitude which no man could number" will be the "crowns of rejoicing" of that catholic spirited clergyman.

"February 6th.—I am loaded with blessings ; give me grace to glorify thee under such a weight of earthly good. I feel a nearness of spirit to God this day. I have found another of my poor neighbours in affliction of body and distress of soul."

"March 25th.—The Lord has afflicted my dear child ; I feared she was dying ; it touched me to the quick, but, by grace, I was enabled to give her up to him, and he graciously restored her."

"April 13th.—My soul is still athirst for God,—for more of his mind. I have been much tempted lately, both inwardly and outwardly : how great is the value of living *to-day*."

"May 3rd.—I have suffered much bodily affliction, but the Lord has been with me, and has kept me resigned and patient in suffering. I feel it good sometimes to be laid aside from outward things, and to have to do with God only, and my own soul. The cry of my heart has been, 'For closer communion I pine.'"

"Sunday, October 18th.—Spent much time in prayer, but feel too dull and insensible to the divine power and presence. At times I am greatly tried from without, and by some painful inward suggestions; but I am able to look to God for help. I have not prayed in vain; grace has been given me, and I have been kept in peace and patience. O may I never lose that great salvation my soul has in view, and now thirsts for. It is a great salvation to be saved from evil within. I bless the Lord I feel no evil within, nothing but love to God, and love to all mankind."

"Sunday, 27th.—This has been a day of much heaviness of spirit, arising from some little disappointment, and attended with infirmity of body: help me Lord to profit in this state. I have too often been a loser, help me to do better; let me feel more of thy power to save, and help me to walk in patience before thee, and to get all the good thou waitest to communicate in this painful state of mind; let nothing prevail against me, but make and keep me conqueror over all, in thy strength, that thy power and glory may be seen and felt in my weakness. Amen."

"Thursday, November 12th.—Since writing the above I have been confined to the house and unable to attend the means of grace, but I have met my own class at home. I have been weak and feeble in body, but calm and peaceful in my soul: sometimes in violent pain, seeking ease but finding none;

but thanks be to my God, who gave me grace to say, at all times, 'Thy will be done;' and power to believe that 'all things work together for good.' To-night I feel the return of pain, pain, my old companion, pain. O my Father, if thou suffer it to be violent as it often is, do increase my strength! I feel that without thee I can bear nothing; thou knowest whereof I am made, thou rememberest I am but dust,—pity me, help me, O my God."

"January 1st, 1808.—I have been reflecting on the wonderful goodness of my Lord in the year that is past; how it has been crowned with mercies; I never enjoyed more blessings of a temporal nature,—not one severe affliction in my family, not one death amongst my relations and near friends, no serious loss in circumstances, but plenty and prosperity. I feel truly ashamed that my soul has not prospered more, but what can I do?—O my Lord, could I offer thee my body as a sacrifice, it could not make atonement, but

'Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries!'

Help me to do better in the ensuing year, if I am spared. I would here enter into a fresh covenant with thee, to be thine and only thine. Seal the covenant I now make with thee, my Lord, and give me grace to keep it every moment. Keep me in a state of entire devotedness to thee: let all I enjoy be enjoyed in thee, let all I love be loved in thee, and nothing be mine but thine."

"September, 1808.—I confess to thee, my Lord, how vile I see myself, my soul is filled with shame and grief. I much need to humble myself at thy footstool on account of the little improvement I have made: but, O my Lord, send me not empty away, for whither should I go; if thou dost not help me

who will, who can? Thou hast bid me come to thee, meet me with a blessing lest I faint by the way. May I conquer through thy blood; let me realize more sensibly its blessed effects upon my heart—a stronger assurance that I am wholly thine, then shall I rejoice ‘more then when my oil and wine increased.’ For what is oil and wine, or any earthly thing, to thee, to the sweet comforts of thy love? Let this increase, and all is well, for I know, that if I am deprived of earthly blessings, thou art able to make my soul comfortable and happy in thyself alone. I cannot feel completely happy without more of Christ; come quickly, and fill my soul with thy presence.”

“April 2nd, 1809.—Easter Sunday. I am constrained, O my Lord, to record thy loving-kindness to me this day; I have listened to thy word with delight, and been fed in all thine ordinances. To-day has been a feast-day, my cup has indeed run over, all glory to him who is the giver of all my good. I do feel that I have risen with Christ; I am dead to sin; I account myself to be daily so; and my soul’s cry to God is, only keep me from sin, nothing else can separate me from my Lord.”

Because of inward purity, from the application of Christ’s all-cleansing blood, she saw “the King in his beauty, and by faith beheld the land that is very far off,” the “Saints’ abode, the palace of the living God.” How blessed is the soul of the believer when the ordinances of God’s house yield such supplies of grace, such refreshing streams from the ever-flowing fountain of life. “But my heart,” she writes in continuation, “is set to do thy will, O my God, and to walk in thy ways, they are better to me than riches and honour.” Thus, in spirit, was she preparing for those brighter manifestations of the love of God, which, in after years, made her happy soul rejoice in sickness, pain, and sorrow.

"Sunday, 9th.—How different this Sabbath to the last! To-day I have truly felt the infirmities of the flesh pressing down my spirit—such extreme drowsiness I have not had to struggle with for some time; hearing, reading, praying, all have been a weariness, and have yielded but little comfort to my soul. O my God, how well it is for me that thou art touched with the feeling of my infirmities, and hast promised that thy strength shall be made perfect in weakness."

"Sunday, May 27th.—Still I live, though with many a conflict. How lifeless, stupid, and heavy I feel on this hallowed day. I would live nearer to thee, my Lord; thou knowest it causes me pain and grief to feel at so great a distance from the God I love. O when shall I revive, and praise thee as angels do?—Perhaps, not till this 'corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality.' Till then, help me to possess my soul in patience. Only let me feel that I love thee, and with all my heart; and then, I know, I shall be in all alike resigned. I do feel thy grace helps me to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

"Sunday, October 29th.—When I look at the date of this paper, and remember how many mercies my gracious Lord has bestowed on me since I last wrote, I am lost in praise. And shall I fear to trust him for all that is to come?—

'On this my steadfast soul relies:
Father, thy mercy never dies.'

I have been led to feel thus the last two days, having just parted from my dear mother, whose company I have been favoured with for a week; the time has passed swiftly away—surely few feel parting with friends as I do. I was reproved by the application of the words to my mind, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' I felt ashamed of

suffering so much, and a fear that I was not thankful enough for the abundant mercies I enjoy."

Her affectionate disposition made her peculiarly sensitive on the subject of parting from her friends: it was through her long life a cause of acute suffering, and, on such occasions, it is instructive to observe how she was accustomed to regard as reproofs from her Lord those passages from his Word which were applied with divine power to her soul. We find her when far advanced in life still treasuring up these reproofs. On one occasion, when she had parted from friends to whom she was closely united in Christ, she thus writes to them: "I cannot tell you how much I was with you in spirit, I felt as if my whole heart went with you, till I was reproved by the Lord suggesting to my soul—the 'Comforter' is not gone; I felt ashamed," she adds, "and turned to my only true rest in Christ." The Word of Inspiration was ever to her "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." Happy servant of the Lord, to be thus ready to receive reproof and instruction from her Divine Master in the daily occurrences of life!

Under the same date, she writes, "For five months I have been much assisted by the words: 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;' and also, 'as thy day is so shall thy strength be.' By trusting that each day strength would be given, and striving not to anticipate the possible trials of the morrow, I have been able to stay my mind upon the Lord, and have been kept from anxious care. Glory be to Him who gives me grace and strength!"

In the same entry we trace the result of habitual waiting on the Lord, and daily watching unto prayer. She knew the voice of the Tempter, and under a deep sense of her own weakness she casts herself upon the help of her Almighty Saviour. She adds:—

"Will my Lord leave me to myself in affliction and a dying hour, as I am sometimes tempted to think?—No, he cannot do this, though it is true I am one of the most unworthy of his creatures, but he has caused me to trust in him, and to serve him for sixteen years, though in a very imperfect manner. I bless the Lord, I feel, if I know myself rightly, a greater deadness to everything below, and, I trust, a growing meetness for the 'inheritance of the saints in light.' I cannot get to the public ordinances of his house, nor can I wrestle in private with God, or read and think for so long a time together as I have been wont to do, with profit and delight; and thus Satan often tempts me to fear that I do not take pleasure in the the ways of the Lord as I used to do. But these trials, I know, need not keep me from God; and whilst I am assured that God is with me, blessing me with other proofs of nearness to him, I will trust and not be afraid. 'The Lord God is the strength of my soul, and he also will become my salvation.'"

"Sunday, December 17th.—After suffering much pain for many hours last night, I have felt this a day of much heaviness of body and heaviness of spirit; I had purposed to be at the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper to-day, but I never used to be so prevented from contriving a way beforehand as I have been of late. How needful it is to have all my dependence, for soul and body, on God. How needful to call to mind daily that blessed promise, 'as thy day is so shall thy strength be;' and that caution also, 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' I lean upon thy Word, thy promises are for me."

The firm and tried foundation laid for the soul of the believer in the Word of God, she found, by delightful experience, would safely bear her in the hour of suffering and temptation. The more she

was tried, the more firmly she rested on the same foundation which Prophets, Apostles, and Martyrs had clung to before her, and so depending, she ever found the strength her feebleness required. "I long for brighter views," she continues, "and stronger assurances of the presence and power of God. O my indulgent Father, if it be thy will, let me not only be supported, but comforted with thy presence; be intimately nigh unto me, O my God. For all thy dispensations I would give thee praise, help me still to trust, and not be confounded. I can trust thee; 'Jesus is my hiding-place,' and though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

She was brought so low at this period that, in anticipation that her end was approaching, she thus writes, "And when my last hour arrives, I want to have nothing to do but to die; so help me, Lord, to live my few days in thee, that nothing may be wanting at the last. Is not this my chief object and aim—to live in the Lord? I am trying to set my house in order." During the remainder of her residence in Hull, she was the subject of much personal affliction, the depressing nature of which is often perceptible in her diary. Such a state of "heaviness through manifold temptations" is consistent with the deepest and most transparent piety, and is often an incentive to it; but out of this distressing state the Lord delivered his devoted servant.

The foregoing extracts reveal, as will be seen, the experience of her inward soul, the exercises of patience and fortitude, painful afflictions, and trying temptations through which she passed, during this period of her life. She was often sorely harrassed and depressed, but she viewed all these things in the light of the sacred Word, as appointed, or permitted by her Heavenly Father, as disciplinary, and designed

to be profitable in their result. Nevertheless, they were not joyous to her, but grievous, and her depression was at times very great, especially when she found not the same liberty of access to God, and the same nearness to him. Short of a living God dwelling within her soul, she knew her living spirit could not rest.

Religion, in all its inward and outward principles and duties, was to her a life-business for God. Her unselfishness, and benevolent care for her ignorant neighbours amid her own bodily pain and domestic engagements, is a beautiful evidence that her religion, so Christ-like and worthy of imitation, sprang directly from her deep and conscientious love for Christ. She was often encouraged by the success of her efforts and prayers. In 1803, her father, from whom, in her early religious life, she had met with great opposition, passed to another world, but she received striking answers to her supplications on his behalf, and full satisfaction as to the happiness of his soul, and his preparation for the great change before his departure. While in attendance on his death-bed, ministering to his last days on earth, she writes to a friend at Hull;—"Our dear father is only just alive; but we have some very clear evidences that his soul is saved, and that he is patiently waiting for his deliverance out of suffering into glory. While I feel and suffer in losing him, I rejoice, and praise the Lord for his great mercy to him, for I have thought, and told him, that if he died without a change of heart it would be more than I could live to bear; so great has been my distress on his soul's account. He little thought," she adds, "that the chapel would be the last place on earth he would attend, and the people belonging to the Wesleyan Society the only people he would want in his affliction. The Lord truly awakened him in his last illness; when

we were talking about who to send for to pray with him, he said, 'Oh any one that will come into my house, to pray with me, now.' Such was the change that the Holy Spirit had wrought in his soul. He lived to know and feel that God the Lord is the hearer and answerer of prayer."

Membership with Christ's church, and a diligent, conscientious use of its appointed means of grace, both public and private, she regarded as a binding duty, which, as she valued her salvation, she dared not neglect; but duty in these things, as in others, became a privilege, contributing to her positive happiness and enjoyment; they were to her as springs of life.

It may be remarked, that in the foregoing extracts she has made frequent reference to her feelings; but it is evident, at the same time, that her frames and feelings did not constitute the staple of her religion. She was far too intelligent a christian not to discover the difference between the principles of religion and the feelings to which they give rise, but she knew that, through believing in Christ, it was her privilege, under the Charter of Truth, to have peace, and "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Her religion was not merely a system of truths, wrought into a pleasing symmetry, a form without power, a theory clear yet cold, but a living fire, lighted at the holy altar, and burning with fervid heat. She valued a religion that awakened happy feelings, but she trusted not to them, her confidence was placed alone in the merits of her unchangeable Saviour, "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

CHAPTER VI.

“Though mountains crumble into dust,
Thy covenant standeth fast;
Who follows Thee in pious trust
Shall reach the goal at last.
Though strange and winding seem the way,
While yet on earth I dwell,
In heaven my heart shall gladly say,
Thou God, dost all things well.”

LYRA GERMANICA.

N 1813, the cloud of God's providence directed Mrs. Driffeld's way back to reside in Easingwold. Very earnestly was his guidance sought with reference to her removal, and that of her family, from the town of Hull, where she had enjoyed friendships of no ordinary character, the society of ministers of deep piety and intelligence, and where she had been so greatly blest and favoured by God in her labours of christian usefulness and activity. Reviewing all these considerations, she observes:—
“But to be where my Lord would have me to be, and to do what he would have me do, is for me the safest and happiest way.” In such a spirit of resignation to the Divine will did she enter upon this change in her outward circumstances. Some of the hopes she had formed from it, one, especially, of enjoying more of the society of her husband, were not suffered to be realized, for she afterwards observes, “I was more deprived of him than ever after our removal to Easingwold, so that if that had been

my only object for leaving Hull I should have been very unhappy." Now too, she seems to have entertained an idea that her race was almost run. But her Heavenly Father purposed otherwise; he had much work for her yet to do. Very soon after her return to her native town, she re-commenced the toil she loved of gathering souls to Christ, and a class for christian communion was formed at her house, which, beginning with two members, continued steadily to increase. Never after this, until a short time before her removal from the fellowship of saints on earth, did her residence cease to be a place of meeting for the sacred purposes of devotion, and communion in the things of God.

Seeing her enter in such a state of mind on this change of home, and of her outward position, we shall be prepared to follow her in the course of her life with lively interest. She had become the mother of four children, one still an infant, when she returned from Hull, and her eldest son, whom she subsequently lost, had been the subject of much affliction from his earliest childhood. The training of her rising family was now part of her life's work. The result of the prayerful education they received the Great Day will declare, when every influence faithfully employed for the glory of God and for the salvation of souls will be fully disclosed.

It was at this time that the present Wesleyan chapel was erected in Easingwold, an event in which she greatly rejoiced; during the same period—this being the year in which the Wesleyan Missionary Society was organized—the first missionary meeting was held in the town. This was considered an unwarrantable step by many, so great was the ignorance that then prevailed as to the necessity and duty of christian effort for the conversion of the heathen, but Mrs. Driffield aided the godly enterprise by every

means in her power, and a few weeks afterwards she was rewarded by the conversion of her eldest daughter; thus realizing the divine assurance, "Them that honour me I will honour." Soon after this, Easingwold and its neighbourhood were visited with a gracious revival, especially amongst the young. A large number of the converts became members of her class, to whom her affectionate and persuasive manner rendered her very attractive and useful. Many of this band have finished their course with joy, but a few still live to remember her wise and godly counsels.

In 1817, her residence was removed to Crankley, a village a short distance from Easingwold. Here also she still kept her Master's work in view, endeavouring to benefit her neighbours by introducing christian conversation and prayer among them, and several might be named whose religious impressions were then first received. She often spoke of her spiritual enjoyments, and of the intercourse that she had with her Saviour, during her long walks to and from the house of God while living at Crankley.

Although she had much suffering from family trials and afflictions, it was overbalanced by the delight she experienced from the conversion of all her children. Long after changes in life had removed them from her daily intercourse, it is interesting, and often edifying, to read her reminiscences of the difficulties through which she passed during their early youth, when, from her isolated position in a secluded country village, many unavoidable hindrances arose to prevent a punctual attendance on the public means of grace, in which she found so much comfort and enjoyment. Very many, even in our privileged land, are similarly circumstanced from their local position, and to such it may be a source of profit

to hear of this servant of the Lord,—what obstacles she overcame to secure attendance on the public worship of the God she loved, and how faithfully she assembled with his people to share in the promised blessing to those who wait for him in the congregation of his saints, having learned from his holy Word, that “the Lord loveth the gates of Zion, more than all the dwellings of Jacob.”

On one occasion, she writes ; “I often think of the time when, with my dear children, I walked four, and sometimes eight miles, on a Sabbath-day, to the house of God. I have lately been over the same path we then used: almost every field and every stile reminds me with what delight I used to set off, at eight o'clock in the morning, in company with my dear children, with whom I talked of the things of God, trying to lead their tender minds into the way of God's commandments. With what joy would they take their little basket, with some refreshment, and go from chapel to school, and from school to chapel, till about four or five o'clock, and then return home with me or their elder sister, happy to talk of all they had heard, and had been taught.” Greatly did this happy christian esteem her privilege of drawing near to God, in the sanctuary and in secret. In all the walks of life her Heavenly Father was close at her side.

In the beginning of 1829, she was called to part with her eldest son, at the age of nineteen. Having been all his life a subject of much affliction, he had been constantly with her, and being of a most affectionate disposition, was, consequently, much endeared to his parents. For years afterwards she severely felt his loss, but faith and hope enabled her to triumph over natural grief, and patiently to submit to the will of her Lord, for she well knew that for him “to die was gain.” In a letter addressed to a friend, she has

given a particular account of this beloved son, "in order," as she says, "that it might be the means of good to her children. "He sought," she writes, "and found the mercy of God at a prayer-meeting, at his parents' house, when he was ten years old, and he never had the smallest wish to forsake the path he had chosen. He said, he did not think that half-an-hour elapsed between his being awakened to his state as a sinner and the acceptance of his soul through faith in Christ; and that he never afterwards lost the evidence of his adoption into the family of God. His love for religious ordinances was very great. For ten years, he was never known to be absent from the class-meeting, except when compelled by the weather, or affliction; although, when resident at Crankley, he had two miles to walk." And when this young disciple was called to pass "through the valley of the shadow of death," he found it lighted up by a Saviour's love: that which in life had been his consolation and joy, in death was the source of his holy triumph. The heart that had been so early yielded up to Christ, obtained the highest privileges and enjoyments of his grace on earth, and now, with the redeemed in heaven, he unites in the new song before the throne of God. Yes! in that "new song" he is now taking a part with the mother who taught him its first notes in his infant days. She adds, "For about the last three weeks of his life, all his desire was to be filled with the love of Christ; 'Fill me, fill me, Jesus,' was his constant cry, except when his soul was rejoicing, which was sometimes the case to a great degree. He used to say then, 'Now I can rejoice in all I suffer, with this I can bear anything;' but his suffering was frequently so great as to weigh down his mind, and he sometimes requested us to pray that he might have patience to bear his sufferings.

On Saturday, in the afternoon, my soul was much blessed while watching beside him, and I thought the Lord was preparing me for his departure. When he awoke, he said, 'Mother, I can say,—

'My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.'

He also repeated many other verses, expressive of his holy triumph. On Sunday morning, he called his sister Ann, who had sat up with him during the night, to rejoice and praise the Lord; he was quite sensible, and expressed his confidence that God would be with him in death, and added, 'I am happy.' From that time he laid quite still, but seemed sometimes to be engaged in prayer, till ten o'clock, when he fell asleep in Jesus. In the early part of his illness he appeared to be struggling to give up all that were near and dear to him on earth, and was evidently often engaged in prayer. When I went into his room on one occasion, he said, 'Mother, what a feast I have had, I have been feasting on angels' food.' From that time he appeared free from the desire of life, or fear of death, and wanted nothing but more of Christ's presence; and the same gracious God who filled his heart with heavenly joy, comforted his bereaved parent, and gave her grace to think much more of his happiness than of her own loss." After giving this beautiful account of the faith and hope of her first-born son, in life and death, she adds, "Thou, Lord, who wast touched with the feeling of the poor widow who lost her son, wilt not forget me." Deeply she needed, in this hour of sorrow and bereavement, the presence of the heavenly Comforter, for her beloved son had been her constant companion from childhood, and had begun to relieve

his parents of a great deal of care and thought; for he used to say, she adds, in her account of him, "If I cannot work, I must do all I can to help and comfort you."

"This tells to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs,—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountain of the new-born mind;—
Warns them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed before the world doth sow its tares."

CHAPTER VII.

"Wherefore my hope is in the Lord,
My works I count but dust,
I build not there, but on His word,
And in His goodness trust.
Up to his care myself I yield,
He is my tower, my rock, my shield,
And for his help I tarry."

LUTHER.

YEARS passed on, and Mrs. Driffield continued to have her full share of trials and mercies, still endeavouring to be useful in the vineyard of her Lord in every way possible. She made many records of the Lord's goodness at this time of her life, and it is to these we must again turn, for the gratification of personal friends, and for the profit of those into whose hands this Memoir may fall. The sentiments which they express are full of evangelical doctrine, and expressive of firm reliance on the atoning sacrifice of Christ. They are likewise so fully descriptive of the happiness of a mind truly enjoying religion from the conscious sense of God's favour and love, that they can scarcely be read without some participation in the devotional spirit of the writer.

On Sunday, 14th October, 1837, we find the following entry in her diary.—"Thou, O my God, art my help. My foolish heart would look to the creature for comfort, did not thou in mercy permit constant disappointments of help and comfort that I might reasonably expect from man. It is hard to

nature, but thou hast said: 'My grace is sufficient.' I rely upon thy Word, which has been my staff and support through many deep waters. 'As thy days so shall thy strength be.' Two and twenty years ago thou gavest me this promise, with this caution:— 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Sometimes my staff falls from my hand, and I feel overwhelmed with fears and cares. I thank God it is not often long that I am left to myself. O my Lord, give me a deeper baptism of thy Holy Spirit; unfold thy Word to my soul, and let this be the best Sabbath I ever spent upon earth."

"23rd.—A few days of affliction I trust have been sanctified to the good of my soul, my mind, being free from worldly care and labour, was drawn out after God.—

'Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.'

Last night was my class-meeting, to-night is the missionary prayer-meeting: I had hoped to enjoy both, but I cannot bear the cold air as I used to do; two winters of confinement with my family owing to affliction, and two years added to my age, have made me less able to go out at night. I must still say:— 'Thy will be done.' Be thou but intimately nigh, and all is well. I have a family of servants and children sitting around me to-night, how shall I spend an hour or two with them to the best advantage? Lord help me to spend it as I shall wish I had done, when I appear with them before the bar of God. Be thou, O my Lord, my director and teacher, then all will be well."

"December 3rd.—This day brings before my mind the state of my poor boy two years since. Surely my foolish heart is too inclined to look at, and dwell upon past circumstances; were it not for the

precious Word of God, with my disposition and my feelings, how miserable should I be. But O when I fix my eye upon that caution, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' and put my hand upon that promise, 'As thy days so shall thy strength be,' my spirit finds rest, and I feel willing to be a stranger and a pilgrim below. Live, O God, more sensibly within me, then I shall be more thankful for my daily mercies."

"December 13th.—So far this has been a day of unusual rest both of mind and body,—praise the Lord, I wish to make it a day of spiritual good, but I have a fear that I shall not get to my class on account of the rain. O that thy power, Lord, may be with those that assemble, and supply their every need. Communion with God's people in the class-meeting has always been a great blessing to me." She was well rewarded for the christian fidelity she evinced in her punctual attendance on these ordinances. The vigour and freshness of her delight in heavenly things were thus constantly maintained. She had a conscientious persuasion of the spiritual benefit of the class-meeting; and by it a gracious influence was exerted upon her heart through a long life.

"January 1st, 1831.—I am spared to see the beginning of another year. We had a gracious unction of the Holy Spirit at the watch-night service. We were called upon, five minutes before midnight, to spend that time as we should think best if we were sure we should die when the clock struck twelve, for there was a time coming when we should all have but five minutes to live. It was a very solemn service. Mr. Shepherd, our minister, dedicated himself to God, offering his soul, his heart, his hands and feet, to the Lord, to be employed for him through the ensuing year, and called upon us to join him in the act. I bless God that I felt I could

do so, praying that God would receive me, and, by his Holy Spirit, and the fire of his love descending into my heart, acknowledge it to be acceptable. I did not get so direct an answer to my prayer as I could have wished; but in the morning while engaged in secret with God, such a fulness of love to him came into my soul as I have not realized for some time. For more than two years, I have travelled on the spiritual path in heaviness—I dare not say darkness—in consequence of family afflictions, and the death of near and dear friends; together with many buffetings from Satan, distance from the public means of grace, and very little christian fellowship. I think I should have utterly fainted had it not been for the precious Word of the Lord; and now, O my Lord, stand by me, and help me to serve thee with all my heart, for I am but a stranger and pilgrim below. Let, O let this year be the best year of my life, that I may praise thee: increase my faith, that my prospects of glory may brighten. I dare not look a day forward; to-day is mine, to-morrow I may be in eternity. I want to be always ready."

"January 24th.—So far, in this new year, I have been preserved in a degree of health, so that I have attended the means of grace; and though I sometimes feel having to travel so far on dark, wet nights, yet the Lord is with me, and I fear no harm: I walk and talk with him. I trust my soul is growing in grace, and in the knowledge and love of God. His favour is better than life."

"February 11th.—To-day is the Sabbath, and since I am prevented from attending the public ordinances through the cold and distance, I wish to improve it, in secret, and with my family. O that I could praise my Lord, who, when man forsakes, doth not leave me. Come, my Lord, let me walk

with thee. Fill me, fill me with thy love, 'for closer communion I pine.'"

"February 18th.—Another blessed Sabbath morning.—O how I love thy Sabbaths! Lord, give me my portion, a double portion, on thine own day. This has been a trying week; a servant having been ill, I have had to labour beyond my strength, and my old besetment to look too far forward has sorely tried me. I have had to watch and pray much against it, and find there is no help for my fearful soul, but in living the present moment to God. I had the privilege of hearing the Rev. Mr. Jones, last Sabbath, at Tollerton, and of being present at the Holy Communion. I felt, indeed, it was good to be there."

"March 4th.—My way was opened, this morning, to go to the nine o'clock prayer-meeting; and though I walked with difficulty, I found it good to be there. How delightful to see and hear the poor labouring-men, who have to work hard through the week, all neat and clean, and decently clad, according to their station in life, pouring out their souls in prayer to God! Surely there are not in many villages so many happy men of God. I love to be amongst the poor of God's flock. O my Lord, revive, and increase thy love in my soul, that my spirit may be prepared for all thy holy will. Our cattle are dying: how comforting to know that 'the cattle on a thousand hills are the Lord's.' May our loss answer the desired end, and be truly sanctified to us. The life and health of my dear family come much nearer to me than property, yet I should not be unmindful of the kindness of my Heavenly Father, who has so abundantly provided for all my temporal wants."

"April 9th.—After an absence of some weeks I again praise the Lord in my own house, having been

fully engaged with my dear child in her affliction, and since then with my friend Mrs. T., who, last year, kindly offered us her house in the time of sickness. I hope that work of mercy will not go unrewarded in the resurrection of the just: we were sick and she took us in. Every thing around looks beautiful, gardens and fields look very rich,—but my garden wants its sweetest flowers and greatest ornaments while my dear children are absent. They used to be with me; but one is gone where flowers never decay; another is only transplanted into a garden of her own, where she wants for nothing; a third is on an errand of mercy, visiting a sick friend; a fourth is trying, by distributing tracts, to be useful to others, and share in a Saviour's love. What cause have I to be thankful! and yet I must feel, and feel as a mother, in not having them around me as I used to have. How much misery I am saved from that many pious parents have to pass through, when they see their children living in sin and wickedness. While I have a Saviour to plead for me, a God to go to, and a Heaven in view, I cannot be unhappy.—No, but I ought to be a thousand times more thankful than I am. Lord, forgive thy unworthy handmaid."

"May 6th.—I feel dull and inactive this blessed Sabbath. I set off to the prayer-meeting in hope of getting some good, but the rain compelled me to return. I have tried to read and to pray, but derived little benefit. Lord, help me, raise me by thy heavenly influence, and give me a blessing with thy Word this night, for Jesu's sake." Again we find the varied experience of the child of God, and again it is recorded that God may be glorified, for in the gloomiest hours, when the heart is silent and the mouth dumb before God, we have an Advocate above, a mighty Intercessor, helping our infirmities;

her delight was in the Lord and in his commandments, and subsequently she found the fulfilment of the promise :—"I will give thee the desires of thine heart."

"June 5th.—I feel a renewed desire to live more in Christ, those words follow me much in prayer, 'Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy: sorrow and mourning shall flee away.' O when shall I do all for God; I try, and sometimes feel that I can, and then, pleasure or pain is alike sweet; but I do not always live in this state. I feel resigned in all circumstances, but cannot rejoice in all. Earth seems little to me, but I want more of heaven. Yet, when any fresh glory is set before me, my feeble soul is ready to draw back, lest some fresh suffering should await me; for I have generally received my spiritual good by passing through suffering."

In all ages, God's faithful people have passed through their pilgrimage to their rest in heaven under more or less of suffering; their affliction working for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. It is said of the redeemed above, "These are they that came out of great tribulation." Sufferings are appointed by the God of infinite wisdom and love to prepare the soul for richer manifestations of his grace, and higher participations in bliss: they are often made use of by the Holy Spirit to keep his favoured saints lowly, and trusting in God. Sufferings are to be regarded as the fruits of transgression, but he who brings good out of evil, has transformed them into means of spiritual blessing to the faithful. Nature, in the believer, will sometimes shrink as sufferings are seen to approach, notwithstanding that they are accompanied by glorious manifestations; but

those who are passing through deep waters will not forget that the Captain of their Salvation was made perfect through suffering, and, resigned alike in all circumstances, will say, "not my will, but thine, be done." It is doubtless true that the Lord can bless his servants without their suffering, but it is equally so, that the saints of God cannot safely be trusted with abundance of revelations without the thorn in the flesh. Mrs. Driffield was an earnest christian, her eye was single, she desired to do all for God, to live in a state of entire devotedness, always meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. In every trial she was able to plead with God, and in every affliction she realized the promise, "I will be with him in trouble." It was this which enabled her to give the testimony, "I have generally received good in passing through suffering." Sufferings bring upon christians the presence of Christ, and his strength is made perfect in their weakness. Most gladly therefore let them suffer and glory in infirmities.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Who is as the christian blest!
He hath found the long-lost stone,
He is join'd to Christ his rest,
He and happiness are one.

Lo! his clothing is the Sun,
The bright Sun of Righteousness;
He hath put salvation on,
Jesus is his beautiful dress.

Lo! he feeds on living bread,
Drinks the fountain from above:
Leans on Jesu's breast his head,
Feasts for ever on his love.

Angels have his servants are,
Spread for him their golden wings:
To his throne of glory bear;
Seat him by the King of Kings."

WESLEY.

ABOUT this time Mrs. Driffield was called to Hull by the serious affliction of her daughter, and writes as follows:—"Hull, May 13th, 1832. O Lord God of my salvation, I would here acknowledge thy goodness and mercy in so far sparing, and raising my dear child from a bed of affliction, wherein her life and reason were almost despaired of. I bless thee, O my God, for support, both of body and mind, under so painful a trial. My soul was kept in peace, staid upon thee, and trusting in thy most holy and faithful Word, 'As thy days thy strength shall be.' Day by day I was supported, I now see it was God who was with me: to him be all the glory!"

"Sunday Evening.—To-night, I have been favoured with hearing a faithful sermon, addressed to those who have not yet obtained the witness of the Holy Spirit, but who rest without it, and to those who are earnestly seeking salvation. It brought powerfully to my mind the time, the place, and all the feelings of my soul when, thirty-nine years ago, I was first enabled to believe and be saved: tears of thankfulness filled my eyes, that now, and ever since that time, I have been able to say, behold God is my salvation."

It was indeed a happy day that fixed her choice on Christ. Thirty-nine years' training in the school of the Saviour did not result in her case in doubts and speculations, either as to religious doctrine or experience. She was not a stranger to the witness of the Spirit of God with her spirit that she was a child of God. She loved to remember, and to speak of the place and the time when God, for Christ's sake, forgave her sins, and adopted her as his child. From that time religion was a living reality with her, and she steadily grew into a matured christian. Pardon and peace, holy joy, and everlasting love, were her constant possession.

"June 11th.—My spirit has of late longed much for a brighter prospect of eternal glory. I can, by faith, look calmly upon death. Glory be to God for this; but I do not enjoy that foretaste of heaven which I hope to possess before I pass through the vale; perhaps it will not be given till wanted as a support. When lately seized with affliction I had no fear, I seemed to say to myself, why should a weary pilgrim fear to go home, and be at rest. Yet, that going through death would look tremendous, could we not say, 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

A living anticipation of being admitted into the presence of our glorified Saviour has been the re-

joining of the followers of Christ in all ages, the cause of their abounding consolation in the midst of suffering, and in death. The new and living way to eternal life, which Christ has opened to all believers, was the pathway in which she walked to the heavenly kingdom. In the same path it was her highest earthly happiness to see her children also walking. Through the blessing of the Divine Spirit on the example of her own devotedness, they were all early led into religious life and enjoyment. Some of her counsels, when separated from them, written about this time, evince the earnestness of her desires and efforts for their spiritual and eternal welfare. To one of them, who had just entered upon the business of life, she writes, "Let us try so to walk that others may see and feel that we have such a religion as makes us consistent characters; this will cause what we say to come home to the conscience of others with power, for if they can see in our conduct any thing contrary to God's Word, they will not receive what we say. Be careful to set a good example to those among whom you live, of industry and care in all your master's concerns, and do nothing because others do it, but because it is right to be done by you, in your place; for what may be proper for one to do, may be quite wrong for another, under different circumstances. The 281st and 282nd Hymns (Wesley's) have often struck my mind; read them with prayer; the latter, especially, may perhaps encourage you in your daily engagements. Let us obtain that abiding confidence in Christ which will enable us to draw grace from him every moment, not only for our forgiveness, but for our sanctification." She had for some time been earnestly seeking for a richer supply of the sanctifying grace of Christ, having been led by the Holy Spirit to the enjoyment of this blessing, she was deeply anxious that her

children, and all under her influence, should be brought to the same experience.

She writes again, "Hull, June 14th, 1836.—I have been favoured to-day with many blessed opportunities. In the morning, I heard a faithful sermon from the Rev. Mr. Clegg, on the text, 'Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.' He is a profitable preacher to me; he sets before us plain truths in a way which I can comprehend, and dwells much upon a present and a full salvation. I had to meet the Rev. Mr. West's class; the Lord enabled me to speak plainly, and to bear a testimony for Christ—that he can save from all sin. At the Sacrament, also, Mr. Clegg pressed this subject upon the attention of the people. I spent half-an-hour in close conversation with Mrs. Wing, whom I find living in the enjoyment of entire sanctification, and simple dependence on the Lord; and in consequence of this she is much happier than I ever knew her before, though in the midst of many very painful trials. O the blessedness of living *now*! What a rest there is in Jesus, when we trust his Word! To-night, I have heard the Rev. Mr. Felvus, on—'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?' We have also had some truly profitable conversation on the privilege of God's children. The Lord help me to live a sanctified life, that I may be able to bear *my* testimony; help me, that in some humble way I may shew forth thy power to save."

Another letter, to her children, dated, Crankley, 1836, faithfully depicts her parental character. "Crankley is very pleasant out of doors," she writes, "but it would be a dull place without any of my dear children, I should soon wish to leave it and be

nearer the public means of grace. I hope I do not love any of you more than I ought to do, but you all lay very near my heart: the thought of our spending eternity together is very sweet to me. How parents feel whose children live in sin I do not know, and I hope I never shall. Perhaps this little rest and retirement is given me that I may trim my lamp, and be getting ready for a sudden departure.— Well, I must leave you, I must not stop long here, nor is it desirable, but when I am gone you will come to me. I pray much for you all, not that you may be rich, or great, or honourable in the eyes of the world, but that you may glorify your God in that place he would have you be in, and be, if it please him, useful in his church, and instrumental in his hands of doing good to the souls of men. O the immense value of a soul! Who can tell its price?"

In times of solitude, or when her children were afflicted, she felt the value of having a refuge in God; for "how should I suffer," she writes, "if I had not this hiding-place." Once, during some sleepless hours, when her mind seems to have been much exercised about her absent children, we find her pleading for one, that direction might be given in a season of difficulty; and all of them, she afterwards adds, I tried to leave with God, for I could not tell who better to confide them to. They are God's adopted children, and of them he has said, "all things work together for good." To God be all the glory, for bringing them to a knowledge of himself.

Another entry, in 1836, records the happiness of her soul in Christ, and her deep enjoyment in the exercises and engagements of God's holy day. "This has been a day of sweet rest to my soul, I have been blessed in the hearing the Word, blessed in my class, in visiting the sick, in reading and prayer. I felt happy in all of them: had is not been for weariness."

ness, I know not where I should have stopped. I thank God it has been a summer's day; O may I be as faithful in a cloudy day as in a bright one, for God changeth not."

The following entry, dated, April 23rd, 1837, will recall to the memory of those who enjoyed personal intercourse with Mrs. Driffield when far advanced in life, the unwavering confidence she manifested in Divine providence. A few years before her death, she remarked to a friend, that on looking back upon her past life, she could trace, link by link, the chain of Divine providence, and clearly see the hand of her heavenly Father in all that she had gone through. When the haven was full in view, when she knew, because of age and increasing infirmities, that she could not be long on earth, then, this happy child of God, this candidate for eternal bliss, this heir of immortality, was filled with adoring gratitude for all the way in which she had been led, for all the grace that had been imparted, and for all the wondrous help she had received in her life's pilgrimage. "To-day," she writes, "I have been sweetly encouraged to trust in God, that he will supply my every want, both temporal and spiritual, for myself and for my children. I have laid my case before my Father, and he has encouraged me with the blessed words of my Saviour:—"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' The 496th Hymn

(Wesley's) was also much blessed to me, beginning,—

‘The earth is the Lord’s, and all it contains;
The truth of his word for ever remains.’”

“November 19th.—How highly favoured I am in having one of my dear children to wait upon me in affliction, and comfort me in suffering. I get weak, and would gladly be more free from care and toil; but if my heavenly Father saw it good for me, he would soon open the way for me to be so: in all, it is my daily prayer that I may do that which is acceptable in his sight. Through the all-prevailing intercession of my Advocate above, he keeps my soul staid upon him.”

“December 31st, 1837.—And am I brought through the changing scenes, and trials, and mercies of another year! Lord help me to be thankful. In examining myself, I feel ashamed of my little advance in the Divine life; but, thank God, I am still enabled to trust in my Saviour and rest in his Word. Yet I want more spirituality of mind,—I speak unnecessary words, and think useless thoughts; had I more of the influence of the Holy Ghost, I should be more useful in my intercourse with others, and with my own family. I am soon hindered even in my best plans and wishes to do good. When I go from home, to spend a few days or hours, thinking and wishing only to do good, and to obtain good, I feel so little heavenly courage that I often return humbled, and think how much more I might have improved my time. O Lord, help me with thine influence from above. I would give myself, spirit, soul, and body, to his service. I am looking to be kept by the mighty power of God, and by his grace to be prepared for what may be his will concerning me, whether it be life or death, prosperity

or adversity. My hope is in God alone ; and to his care I give myself and my family, to be provided for, and to be kept from all that would harm. O may his Word be our guide."

"August 21st, 1838.—I still feel supported and kept by living each day without care for to-morrow.

Still she leans on the staff which has supported her for so many years, the unfailing Word of her God. Bodily weakness and infirmities are advancing upon her, but she finds a sure refuge in the promise, which in youthful strength and vigour she had not required, "And even to your old age, I am he ; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you : I have made, and I will bear ; even I will carry, and I will deliver you."

"August, 1839.—I have been favoured with more than usual health and strength this day ; often, I feel so weak and feeble that I can scarcely pray with my dear people in class. We had a faithful sermon from Mr. Harrison last week, on, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God ; and renew a right spirit within me.' What a help it is to class-leaders when our ministers set, fully and faithfully, before the church the privileges of believers in Jesus."

CHAPTER IX.

"A hidden life in Christ I live,
And exercis'd in things divine,
My senses all his love receive:
I see the King in beauty shine,
Fairer than all the sons of men;
Thrice happy in his love I reign."
C. WESLEY.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1840, Mrs. Driffield was called to pass through a painful bereavement. After a short illness, attended by much suffering, Mr. Driffield died in the glorious hope of a blessed immortality.—His last words were:—"Bless the Lord, O my soul." After the death of her husband she returned to her first abode in Easingwold. She had now numbered more than threescore years; her health and strength were declining, and her hearing was much affected, which partly incapacitated her for visiting the sick; but her mental faculties were as vigorous as ever, she still continued unweariedly her endeavours to benefit all around her. The following entry in her diary discloses her state of feeling, and leads us to a further acquaintance with her progress in holiness, and submission to the will of God.

"July 10th, 1842.—This is to me a day of solemn, silent rest. It would have been a very painful one (I have just parted with my two dear daughters) had it not been for the rest I feel in God, my Father. I feel my lonely and widowed state, it was very different when I had my husband. I am now in my own habitation, in which I dwelt when twenty-four years of age, I am now seventy-four. I have had my

wanderings from place to place ; eight times I have changed my abode ; two kind husbands, a father and mother, and a dear son, I have seen carried to their silent home, with a lively hope of meeting them all in glory. What have I to do here but to rejoice in the prospect of meeting them again ? O God, my heavenly Father, send me more of thy spirit, that I may finish the work thou hast given me to do. I want more of the love of Jesus, who laid down his life for the world. I am growing old and feeble, but I can pray, and in pouring out my supplications I feel comforted. I know that I need not live a life of uselessness altogether, for God has said, he will answer prayer."

The old age of Mrs. Driffield presented a fine example of contentment and happiness arising from an abiding sense of reconciliation with God, through faith in the blood of Christ. It might truly be said of her, in the language of the Psalmist, that she "brought forth fruit in old age." She felt no weariness of life, no loneliness of heart, in consequence of the spirit of active benevolence with which God had imbued her mind.

Exceedingly beautiful and instructive was the way in which she passed her time when the shadows of life were deepening around her. She remarked, "I need not live a life of uselessness, I can pray, and God has said that he will answer prayer." "O wondrous power of faithful prayer !" well indeed may we say, when we remember her pleading with God, taking him at his word—though clouds might seem to intercept the vision, God had spoken. While the light of even-tide was shedding its peace and brightness over her soul, she was actively employed in instructing those who were younger in the faith of Christ out of her own store of religious experience. The duty of cultivating a joyful trust in the Lord was

clearly perceived and deeply felt by Mrs. Driffield in the closing years of her life, and, desiring to impress the importance of this subject on one of her spiritual children, she is led to make some most useful remarks on the injurious influence of yielding to fearfulness and discouragement:—"Often," she says, "I have been fearing when I should have been praising my God. Through many a dark lane I have passed, where I always found God was with me, though at the time I saw him not. Had I the pen of a ready writer, I could tell you of many blessed deliverances. I am amazed at myself sometimes: where have I been, and what have I been doing all this time, that I have so little acquaintance with, so little hold upon the promises of God?—One thing has often been a great hindrance—fear. I have often been fearing when I ought to have been trusting, and so able to rejoice confidently in the promises. Why may not you and I be as happy as Enoch, Noah, and Abraham, who walked and talked with God?—We have many commands and promises that they had not. We have not the outward appearances that they had it is true, but we have the Word as our guide, and we have the sweet voice of the Comforter within, who abides with us always. We have the fulfilment of many things they could only see by faith."

She discerned that joy in the Holy Ghost is no less a fruit of the Spirit than gentleness or goodness—that, through the comforts of the Lord delighting the soul, the life of the christian may be made beautiful and attractive; therefore, she urges upon the young believer to whom she writes the foregoing, to cultivate a joyful confidence in the promises of God, no less for her own sake, than that she might testify, by habitual cheerfulness, that the ways of wisdom are the ways of pleasantness.

Her occupations and state of spiritual feeling may be further gathered from her diary and letters. In an entry, dated December 12th, 1847, we find the following:—"I have just renewed my token of membership with the Wesleyan Society, after being a member since September, 1793; I still feel it to be a privilege to have christian fellowship. Long had I mourned because I could not love the Lord, but I soon found him when I came amongst his people: he revealed himself to my soul as my all-sufficient Saviour. Since then he has never forsaken me, nor left me to faint. And can I doubt his love now, when my strength is failing? No—for more than fifty years he has been my God, and I have been his child. Some of my dear husband's last words were:—'The Lord will take care of thee.' And truly God has been a husband to me; not one of all his promises have failed."

In a letter, dated February 7th, 1847, addressed to one of her spiritual children, she says:—"As I sit feeble and alone, I often think of and pray for you all, and say, who next shall be called. Three of us appear to stand on the brink, and though I seem the strongest, yet I may be the first to go. Weep not, my dear, for those who are gone, rather rejoice. How are all old friends at York? tell them, I am laying myself down every night in joyful confidence that should the Lord call me, I am prepared through the atoning blood of Christ to enter his presence. Let us not be selfish, and wish to keep our dear friends from enjoying that which we are striving for. Many whom we have loved are happy now, and we soon their happiness shall share. Believe in Jesus. Hold fast the perfect love of God. Remember Satan is the accuser of the brethren. Fly to the fountain which is open for sin and uncleanness. Pray for me, I have no hope to conquer but by divine power."

In November, 1849, she was taken suddenly ill, and all her friends, as well as herself, supposed that the time of her departure was at hand. During this illness she had some glorious manifestations of the presence of her Lord, and seemed peculiarly happy in his love. She used, afterwards she said, to fear the pains of dying, but after this the fear was all gone. The day before she was seized, she observed to her daughter, I have seen something pass before me, as if a great cloud overshadowed me: what can be the meaning of it I cannot at present tell, but the Lord is, I think, about to reveal something to me. Early on Monday morning, December 1st, she remarked:—"There seems yet to want a finishing stroke before the work of grace, in my soul, is quite complete, and on the following day she said, praise the Lord! The work is now accomplished; I am made complete through Christ. O the goodness of the Lord! I cannot describe what I now enjoy. O could I lay this before the members of my class! how clear the way now appears. O what a fulness there is now before me! what heights! what depths of love! Write it down in large letters, *Jesus is touched with the feeling of our infirmities.*" On Wednesday, at three in the morning, she said, "tell my dear class how I love them; tell them to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit; tell them to seek earnestly the perfect love of Christ that casts out fear; that is what will make them truly happy." In the afternoon of the same day, she said again, "tell my class that I am united to them like a parent to dear children. I call them mine, for they have helped me on my way, and I, in my poor manner have helped them. They have borne with me, and stood by me; they have none of them forsaken me—no, however tossed about. My class (she said, with much emphasis) has been one of my greatest blessings."

When a little recovered, referring to this illness, she said, "I had nothing to do but to lie in my heavenly Father's hands; he has been a kind comforter to me, and has cheered me through many a conflict. That well-known voice I then felt to cheer me when, as I thought, I was about to pass through the valley of death—all seemed to be covered with love. O that I had power to describe it!" Every word of this was spoken with the deepest feeling, and again she repeated, "All is love!"

The following beautiful letter describes, in her own language, this remarkable visitation of his grace and presence, which the Lord was pleased to vouchsafe to his aged servant in the immediate prospect of death.

"Easingwold, December 24th, 1849.

My dear B.—,

I long to see you, to tell you of the redeeming love with which my Lord has so sweetly filled my poor soul. What is dying when Jesus is there! All was calm, and joy, and peace. Many passages of Scripture were so opened to me, that I was ashamed of myself—ashamed that I had had so little confidence in God's Word. It was not a delusion, it was the Holy Ghost filling my soul. I felt that he had been with me fifty-six years, and that it was God, the same God, who had been my guide, my strength, my comforter, my all in all, and now he was about to take me home. It was all love; everything, within and without, seemed to be covered with love. O trust in the Lord; don't give up the perfect love of Christ. Pray for me, that as I am spared a little longer I may be faithful to repeat his praises. 'He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.'"

To another friend she writes,—“I have had a fresh call to be ready—all is right. I am able, through mercy, to lay myself upon the altar as a living sacrifice

sprinkled with the blood of Jesus, and here I rest. The best account I can give you of the state my mind has been kept in, is expressed in the 669th Hymn (Weesley's). Read all the three parts, particularly the third verse, it will do you good. Through all this affliction I have prayed more for God's cause than I have ever done for sixty years. I must just tell you how happy I feel, I could not have thought that old age could have been so sweetly passed."

One more allusion we find to that season of sickness, during which she was able, through the power of Christ and the glory of his manifested presence, to triumph over the fear of death. "And so our dear friend and sister has escaped to bliss. There is no room for sorrow. Happy soul, safe from suffering, and what is still more—saved! How I used to dread the last conflict, lest I should not honour God in it. My last affliction has so entirely removed all this fear, that I dare not for a moment doubt, but that in death, as in life, he who died for me will be my saviour and my guide."

For two more years she was spared to her family and to the church. She lived, henceforth, as it were in the suburbs of heaven, in blessed anticipation of the full happiness of the redeemed. At even-tide it was light, enabling her fully to realize that the "secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." In the wondrous revelation of his love her soul rested with holy joy until "mortality was swallowed up of life."

She was unexpectedly restored even to a considerable degree of vigour, and continued for a while longer to be a pleader in Israel. Many of the Lord's people are thus left in the world, that their light may illumine its darkness—that their days of matured piety may be spent in bringing down blessings by their prayers and example on the Church, and on a world lying in wickedness.

CHAPTER X.

"Come, wander on with joy,
For shorter grows the way,
The hour that frees us from the flesh
Draws nearer day by day.
A little truth and love,
A little courage yet,
More free from earth, more apt to set
Your hopes on things above.

It will not last for long,
A little farther roam;
It will not last much longer now
Ere we shall reach our home;
There shall we ever rest,
There with our Father dwell,
With all the saints who served Him well,
There truly, deeply blest."

LYRA GERMANICA.

VERY remaining passage in the diary is invested with hallowed interest. On the 24th of February, 1850, she writes, "Though cut off from public ordinances I am kept by the power of God to praise his name. Hitherto my faith has not failed me, nor my love waxed cold. Why, O my Lord, am I raised up from a bed of affliction? O let it be to praise thee. I do delight myself in the Lord, will he not give me the desire of my heart—the salvation of all my family? Shall not the promise given me nearly sixty years ago be fulfilled? O yes—I doubt not it will; already I rejoice to see many of the younger branches springing up in the service of God, and shall the others not praise redeeming love?—O hear prayer Lord, and save them."

"May 5th, 1850.—So sweetly has my soul been drawn out in prayer, that I have but little time to write. I felt at the first, when I knelt down, humbled much at the little improvement I had made of the blessed opportunities I had years back, when I was obliged to walk two miles to hear a sermon. With what delight we used to set off, myself and my four children, to the house of God, and in winter before it was well light, warmly clothed, and running most of the way, for service was at nine o'clock. It was not a hardship, but a delight, and now I am shut up alone, what is the Sabbath? It is a delight still, for I have the God of the Sabbath to be with me, and I am blessed indeed. His Word is more precious to me than ever. To-day I have been led to pray much for our gracious Queen and her dear children, that they may be born of God, and made heirs of a kingdom that fadeth not away."

"May 8th.—How I should have enjoyed my present house, in which I lived fifty-six years ago, had I had the same privileges I now have. It was, with much prayer, dedicated to God at the time it was built, with many promises that his name should be honoured therein; but after living in it about two years I had to leave it with a heavy heart." Mrs. Driffield often adverted, with deep thankfulness, to the tranquil enjoyments of her latter days, and to her many opportunities for spiritual improvement. Her house was again consecrated to God, and to his service. The ministers of Christ were ever welcome in this dwelling-place of Zion; she profited by their society, and esteemed them very "highly in love for their work's sake." She had enjoyed intimate acquaintance with many of the honoured ministers of earlier times, particularly with Messrs. Bramwell, Entwistle, Taylor, and Griffiths. Most of those she knew are now with her, beholding the "King in his

beauty," and adoring the Saviour in whose service they lived and died. Those who had the privilege of her personal friendship will remember how often the room she occupied seemed filled with God. Among those who so realized the divine power, was the lamented Mr. Henry Boast, who, intending to sail for Port Natal, paid his last visit to her, and afterwards remarked, "it was good to be there, the room was full of the glory of the divine presence." On the following week he expected to embark, at Hull, with a large and interesting party of Wesleyan emigrants, of whom he was the appointed head, but during the tedious delay of their embarkation, attended with painful anxiety, he suddenly sickened and died.

"September 1st, 1850.—How shall I thank thee for thy loving-kindness, O God, this week, it has been a trying one to me, I have had to part with so many dear friends. On Wednesday I had to take leave of our dear Mr. and Mrs. D. I have been much indebted to him for his kind care in frequently visiting me in my affliction. It is many years since I felt so united to a minister. The Lord bless them. On Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson left us; Mrs. W. is a pattern for a minister's wife. I had only just parted from my dear friends, when Mrs. Wing came. Forty-six years we have known each other. I thought of the happy days when we and our dear husbands sang the praises of God together. The Lord has had to take from me my dearest friends to keep me his, alone, so prone am I to cleave to idols. This has been my keenest exercise through life; Lord keep me thine; there alone is safety.

The following is from her last letter, addressed to one of her spiritual children, dated December 29th, 1850.—"I have heard of your engagements, and rejoice to find that you are both able and willing to go to the help of the Lord. But I want to know

what passes within : are you rejoicing in the God of your salvation ? Or are you travelling in heaviness bearing the Lord's burden ? We are called to both. What a comfort we are not called to bear the burden of our sins, that debt is already paid, and all the graces of the Holy Spirit purchased to adorn our souls. Mr. Hudson has been setting before us the glorious privilege of a child of God, in a way I think I never heard described, but by Mr. Bramwell. My dear child, let us arise ; may we not walk with God. O how often have I gone on my way with a degree of heaviness and fear, when I ought to have been proclaiming the glory of God, and making religion appear happy and desirable to all around." Delightful are these parting words, and very beautiful the testimony they contain from one who had often sown in tears, but who is now reaping in joy, while she is old and grey-headed in the christian conflict.

Among the remembrances that have been preserved of her from this period to the time of her death, are some which display the submission of her soul to the will of God. We have seen how graciously the Lord delivered his servant from fear of the pains of death, to which through life she had been in bondage. Set free now from this bondage by that gracious visitation of God's Spirit, when again led to anticipate, from the effects of severe affliction on her feeble frame, that she would soon have to enter upon the conflict with the last enemy, she feared no evil. In March, 1851, she was very ill, and thought that the Lord was about to take her home. Her language during this sickness was that of entire submission to the divine will : "let me live or die, just as the Lord sees fit." She was also tried respecting her eyesight, and feared that the Lord was about to call her to the distressing trial of blindness, which, in addition to the difficulty she found in hearing, would have been a sore exercise of patience.

But in this also she gave up her will entirely, although she used to say, "may it please the Lord to spare my sight; I think I could suffer pain, if I might still be able to see to read his holy Word." When her patience had been, for a time, thus tried, and she was willing to lose even this great blessing, if it were for his glory, the Lord graciously answered prayer and restored her sight, and even in some measure her strength. In the summer months, she rode out in her little carriage, and visited her friends in the country, and at farm-houses. Always in these visits her Master's work was kept in view, and she faithfully pressed upon all she met the fulness of the blessing of the gospel, and urged them to maintain a living faith in Christ, their Saviour. Many were the happy seasons thus spent in praise and fervent prayer, while, with those she desired to help and bless, she drew near to God. At this time, Mr. Wesley's sermon on, "Our duty to our neighbour," arrested her attention. "We do not come up to that mark," she used to observe, "Thou shalt not suffer sin on thy neighbour." By the light of grace she saw with increasing clearness the absolute requirements of God's holy Word.

On her birthday, July 16th, she was visited by her relatives and friends, and no effort was spared to make the visit impressive and lastingly profitable. Earnest prayer was raised to the God of heaven, that this visit might not be in vain. They were solemnly reminded that it might be the last birthday they would spend with her.

In the same month she was at a prayer-meeting, and remarked afterwards, how very good she had found it to be there. Those lines had been given out,—

"Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here,"

and they were so much on her mind during the following days that she was now led to examine herself very narrowly, thanking God, and observing; "If He is with me, all is right: only Thou stand by me." Her faith was soon to be put to the test—a few days after she again became exceedingly ill. "Should I be called away," she said, when, after struggling some time for breath, she was at length able to speak, "there is no particular consolation; but my Father's will be done; I have peace, precious peace in God; all is well!" Again she said, "I have peace, yet not that flow of consolation; but this body is weak." Speaking of some poor neighbours, about whose salvation she was very anxious, she remarked, "The Lord has permitted me to see some answer to my prayers in those prayer-meetings: O how I have been praying this winter that those poor souls might be put in the way of getting some spiritual good!" "After this, prayer was proposed by my dear mother," relates one of her daughters, "and we were led to ask, that if it were the will of God, more consolation might be given, and that none might visit her and behold the last scene in vain." Very near to that little company did the heavenly world appear, while they pleaded with God that the joys of his salvation might be granted to his servant, waiting, to all human appearance, for deliverance from sin, and pain, and weakness, to the unutterable glory of heaven. From this attack of illness she was, however, again restored for a short season, and many of her friends fondly hoped she might yet continue to bless them for several years with her society and advice; but the Lord saw that her work was nearly accomplished, and he would not much longer detain her from the joy of his presence.

CHAPTER XI.

"Father to us vouchsafe the grace,
Which brought our friend victorious through:
Let us her shining footsteps trace,
Let us her steadfast faith pursue,
Follow this follower of the Lamb,
And conquer all through Jesu's name."
O. WESLEY.

RS. DRIFFIELD'S *fourscore* years have now nearly come to a close; we have followed her steps through the varied paths of life; witnessed her humility and self-abasement, her active and earnest piety; but what is above all, her firm and undivided reliance on the great vicarious sacrifice of Christ, for pardon, holiness, and heaven. Now it remains for us to direct the reader to the closing scenes of her lengthened life of faith and love, of conflict and comfort, and to the manifestation of God's faithfulness to his promises, when the heart and the flesh fail. Her great reverence for the Sabbath, and her strict observance of its sacred duties, throughout her long life, must have been strikingly evident to all who have read this brief memoir of earnest, devoted piety. She used her Sabbaths, indeed, as steps to glory. Now we have to follow our departing friend to the last of these steps—the last of those days which she valued so highly, and whose sacred services brought such strength and refreshment to her soul, has at length arrived, and our Christian of Fourscore is on the verge of eternity. As she draws nearer to her

heavenly rest, all around are sensible of the deep draughts she is drawing from the wells of salvation, and every word that she utters seems charged with some heavenly influence, some message of love from the world to which she is going; while, as this world recedes from her view, and her prospects of the world to come grow brighter and clearer, her love for immortal souls gains fresh strength.

On the 26th of October, 1851, she took her accustomed seat in the sanctuary, and heard with tolerable clearness the word of everlasting life; soon was she to rest from all infirmities, for the following Sabbath found her lingering at heaven's gate, almost at home, the silver cord silently but swiftly loosening, her happy spirit well-nigh free. She dined with her family, and then all united in prayer, and in singing two of her favourite hymns,—“Rock of ages, cleft for me,” (Hymn 624, Wesley's) and the hymn beginning “In every time and place” (Hymn 686). These hymns had often brought especial comfort and refreshment to her soul. Then she requested that a young friend, an object of her deep solicitude, might be invited to tea, that she might have an opportunity for conversation with him. He was not able to come, but was earnestly committed to the God that hears and answers prayer. Thus, on the last Sabbath into the engagements and duties of which she was able to enter, we see manifested her benevolence, and intense concern for those who seemed to her to be treading a downward course.

Afterwards followed the last of those meetings for christian communion which had yielded such great spiritual profit and happiness to those over whom she had watched with so much fidelity and attachment. It is thus described by one who joined in it, and who listened to the last address of her now glorified parent. “Her whole soul seemed to be in

the work, fresh strength appeared to be given—more than she had had for many weeks. All life and spirit, she encouraged us onward. When a chair was given her that she might sit down,—‘No, my dears,’ she replied, ‘I can stand very well.’ Speaking to one on the subject of temptation, she exhorted her still to continue in the work of God—not to regard what man might say, or the enemy of her soul suggest, but labour on at her Lord’s command, offering all her works to him.” When she had nearly gone round the class, she observed, with great energy, “I used to be afraid of dying, but now I thank God all fear is entirely gone; my soul is love, all love.” Little did they think, over whom she had been appointed to watch in the Lord, that the labours of their beloved leader had now closed. She gave them her last testimony; her own lamp was afresh trimmed, and, in a few days after, she went forth with joy to meet her Lord.

In the evening, it was proposed that some one should remain at home with her, but to this she would not consent if all were able to attend the house of God. If the angels watch with joy the returning prodigal, may we not suppose that with holy joy they watched, that evening, this aged saint, whom so soon they were to carry to the seats of bliss! In solemn retirement she passed the hour, while the worshipping assemblies were uniting in supplications and songs of praise in the great congregation. No human eye beheld her; no human ear heard the outpourings of her soul; but the eye of her God was upon her, his ear was open to her cry, and soon she was to prove, to its full extent, the power of her Redeemer’s intercession, “Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me.” Who can doubt, again we say, that ministering

angels were hovering there, wondering at the love that crowned her, waiting for the word of command to perform their last service for this heir of salvation—to bear her to the throne of glory, and seat her by the King of Kings. Before retiring to rest she heard with holy delight of the toils of others on that day in the cause of God, and on Monday, when she rose, seemed in unusual spirits. In the morning, she requested that a favourite hymn might be read to her, beginning—

“Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceiv’d they join the throng,
Wond’ring at the love that crown’d us,
Glad to join the holy song,
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong.”

It was the last of the songs of Zion of which she spoke; and these lines doubtless expressed, in a few words, the thoughts that were yielding sweetness and rejoicing to her happy soul on the day previous to her last illness. The day was fine, and she was out nearly the whole of it, as if with a presentiment of what was to follow, visiting the houses of all her immediate relatives, and the church-yard. In the evening, though it was cold and frosty, she would not be dissuaded from attending the prayer-meeting, to join, as she said, particularly in prayer that the Lord would arise and defend his own cause, and after her return, she finished the day by giving to a friend a long account of her early life and conversion. During the night following she was seized with severe illness, from which for a day or two she seemed to rally, but on the following Sabbath it appeared evident to all around that the weary wheels of life were about to stand still. All the means that could be devised were used to detain her, if possible, a little longer, and her anxious friends continued to hope

against hope, but the angel of death had received his commission, and after a few painful, but patient struggles, she yielded up her spirit into the hands of God on Saturday morning, the 8th of November, 1851, in the eighty-third year of her age. During her short illness her articulation was so much affected that it was difficult to understand her, but those of her utterances which could be heard proved that all within was calm, and joy, and peace—that no cloud arose to darken her prospect—that her God supported her, and that the final hour gave glory to his name.

The touching and beautiful details that follow of the closing scene in the life of her beloved and venerated parent are transcribed from the account written by a daughter, who claimed her also as her spiritual parent, and who carefully preserved the valuable christian experience of the dying saint. On Tuesday, the 28th of October, she was taken suddenly ill, very early in the morning. When able to speak, she dwelt much on the loving-kindness of the Lord to her, a weak, helpless, unworthy creature, and very frequently cried out, pray, O pray for me.—Let us unite in prayer together. During the day, she expressed herself as if she thought that she should not recover, but as she was better on the three following days it was thought she might rally again. On the following Sunday she was much worse. It was remarked to her, you over-taxed your strength by your exertions on Monday; she replied, “it is much better to wear out than to rust out,” and in the afternoon expressed, as she ever had done, great concern about her class, evincing even in death her fidelity to the charge that had been committed to her. On one occasion, being asked if she had light in the valley; her reply was, “I have not a doubt, I have not a doubt.” On Thursday, November 6th, she was visited by one for whom she had great affection;—

she said to her, "Oh save your soul, save your soul; live to God; if your soul is saved we shall meet again, but if you lose it, how sad. Farewell; I cannot answer for you, and you cannot answer for me." To another she said, "Religion is not in this or that, but in righteousness, and peace, and joy." A few days before her departure she was visited by the Rev. Mr. Allen, the late Vicar of Easingwold, who had long known her. In this last interview on earth their spiritual intercourse was based upon the most expanded principles of christian fellowship. No outward distinction could separate in spirit one whose union with Christ was so deep, and, through him, with the members of his mystic body. She desired that all who met around her death-bed might draw deeply, with herself, from that fountain of bliss, the streams whereof have made glad the hearts of believers through all ages. Two days before her death she expressed an earnest desire to be assisted out of bed, and on to her knees. This was done, and though previously she had not been able to raise herself in bed, or to speak so as to be understood, she made a last effort, and, with clasped hands, said, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit, Lord Jesus; take it to thyself, and keep it for thine own sake. Amen." Another time she commended her spirit to the whole Trinity,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Afterwards, when drawing very near to her final conflict, she was observed to be much engaged in prayer, commending her family—her children and grandchildren to God. Only a few words could be understood now and then, amongst which were, "This is happiness, this is happiness." These were the last that could be understood. Soon after they were uttered, through faith in her Redeemer, she overcame the sharpness of death, and entered the kingdom of heaven, which Christ has opened to all believers.

The last testimony given by Mrs. Driffield, when heart and flesh were failing, agrees with the last written in her diary, in which the source from whence her life's strength, consolation, and happiness proceeded, may be clearly traced.

On July 22nd, 1851, she writes, for the last time,—"I have entered upon my eighty-second year. I bless God, I do not feel life a burden; I often say, I am a happy old woman. My temporal wants are supplied, with a little to spare for His cause who gives me all things, and day by day my poor needy soul finds a rich supply in Jesus for all my spiritual wants. I ask and have; He never sends me empty away, but often fills my soul with his love. To-day I have been much cast down and opprest; I find it difficult sometimes to keep faith in exercise respecting some dark prospects. I have known the time when I should have cast away faith in such a case instead of exercising it, and thought because I had not all the comfort I wanted that I had no faith at all; then all would have been dark and gloomy indeed. Praise the Lord." Thus in life's latest hours, as the result of matured religious experience, she could trust her God more fully, and was able to exercise the faith which brought her abiding peace, fulness of joy, and everlasting consolation.

It was the endeavour of this devoted christian woman to recommend the religion of Christ to all with whom she was in any manner connected, either by social ties, or by relationship—to the aged, to the middle-aged, but especially to the young. She clung to them with an affection that drew many from sin and worldliness to holiness and heaven. The wisdom which cometh from above taught her that religion consisted in a deep and hidden principle, a living power in the heart, conforming the understanding, the affections, and the will, to the image and like-

ness of God, in Christ Jesus. She ever felt the important duty of keeping her "heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." From these pages the reader will have learned that this occasioned her many conflicts; she was led often to fear and reproach herself; but withal, she held firmly, by faith, to the Rock of Ages, even in the darkest hour of temptation, while "wrestling against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." It was instructive to witness her careful and consistent deportment on all occasions: her temper was amiable and well governed; her manner was unassuming and void of offence; her disposition was benevolent and kind; her conversation was "such as becometh the gospel of Christ;" she was truthful and upright in all her transactions; she was faithful to the Sabbath, and to the house of the Lord; she loved the good, and yearned over the wicked. These excellencies were not so much the result of a superior mind, or of careful mental training, as they were the fruit of that holy, hidden principle, planted in her heart by the spirit of God, to which we have adverted. Her religion was a combination of the inner and outer life, in beautiful and consistent harmony. It was her life's aim *to live and die a witness for heart-felt religion.*

"O might we all like her believe,
And keep the faith and win the prize;
Father prepare and then receive
Our hallow'd spirits to the skies;
To chant, with all our friends above,
Thy glorious everlasting love."

"The secret of her success," observed the Rev. Josiah Hudson, when preaching her funeral sermon, "is simply to be found here:—she endured as seeing

Him that is invisible, and pressed through every difficulty to save herself and others." From the beautiful and suggestive words, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good," he then described her life's object, her heart's experience, and her holy triumph in death, which was made so eminently peaceful and impressive by the firm reliance of her soul on her Saviour's glorious atonement. That atonement of which her views had been so clear and comprehensive during her protracted life, and by a simple earnest faith in which she had been made, all throughout, happy and consistent.

It has been said by an accurate observer,—“So long as the duty or the principle which an author wishes to inculcate is vividly illustrated, or grows naturally out of his narration, it may be safely left to its own course, and to find its own way in the conscience.” In every book we expect to be directed to some particular object:—the object of this Memoir is to urge to the attainment of Holiness, and should it be the means of leading any to fuller consecration of themselves to the Lord, it will not have been written in vain.

“In the means thou hast enjoin'd
All who seek shall early find ;
In the prayer, the fast, the Word,
In the supper of their Lord.

Thus the saints of ancient days
Waited, and obtained thy grace,
Drank the blood by Jesus shed,
Daily on his body fed.

Thus the whole assembly join'd
Jesus in the midst to find;
Prayer presenting to the skies,
Morn and evening sacrifice.

Search'd the Scriptures day and night,
(All their comfort and delight
There to catch thy Spirit's power,)
Heard, and read, and lived them o'er.

Still to us they speak, though dead,
Bid us in their footsteps tread,
Bid us never dare remove
From the channels of thy love."



